HARPER'S WEEKLY.
A JOURNAL OF CIVILIZATION.

Vol. XXIX.—No. 1466.
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NEW YORK, SATURDAY, JANUARY 24, 1885.

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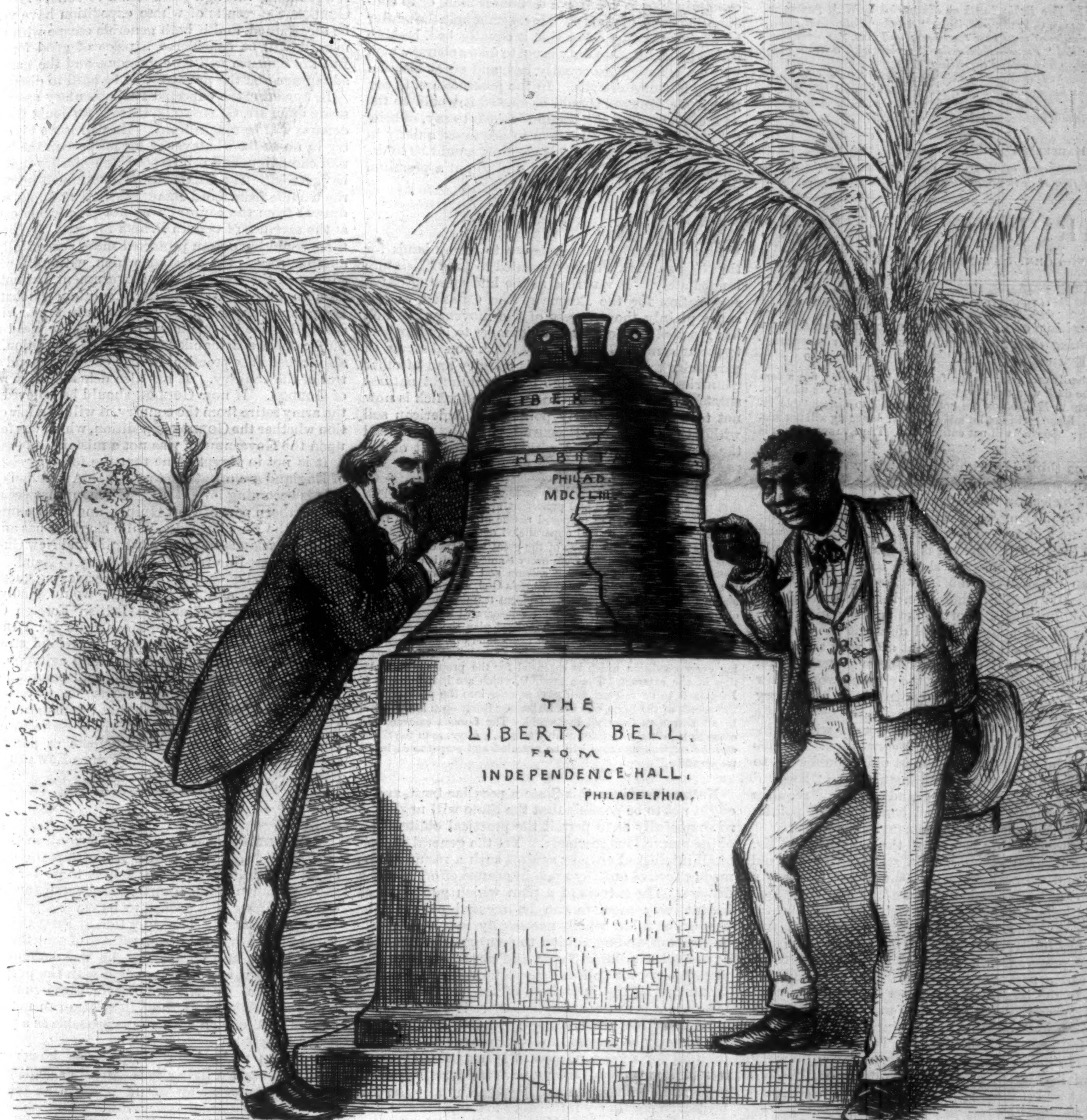
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"JIMMY BROWN" STORIES,

called "The Two Babies," with an illustration by W. L. Sheppard.

Mr. William C. Prime *contributes "Another Talk about Coins," with fac-similes of some rare specimens; and* Mrs. Sangster *has a poem, entitled "Ferns—Fascination," replete with delicate fancy, to accompany a charming engraving.*

The principal illustration this week is a full-page by Gray-Parker, *in his well-known style, called "Reggie and His Four-in-hand Sleigh."* *One of* Howard Pyle's *humorous ballads, with characteristic illustrations, fills another page.*

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HARPER'S WEEKLY.

New York, Saturday, January 24, 1885.

"BOODLE" IN POLITICS.

In speaking of the Senatorial election, the Albany *Evening Journal*, which was a warm supporter of Mr. Evarts, said:

> "On the Evarts side this is a fair fight in open day, not a contest in the dark with the weapons of sin. The members who prefer Evarts to Mr. Morton are not susceptible to disreputable influences. Bluster will not intimidate them; bragging will not mislead them; "boodle" will not entice them. The Evarts column is solid."

The same thing is said quite as plainly in other Republican papers. It is a distinct declaration that Mr. Morton's election would mean that a Senatorship of New York in Congress had been bought with money. This is not a charge of Democrats, but of Republicans against their own party. It is an assertion by Republicans that if Mr. Morton should be elected, the Republican majority of the New York Legislature is venal. His election, therefore, in the view of the *Evening Journal*, and of all the papers which share its view of the subject, would discredit the Legislature, and cover all its important acts with suspicion. This is not all. If these Republican papers do not malign the Republican party, the election would show that in New York the party control is in mercenary hands, and that its nominations to office and the highest honors of the State are covered with suspicion as secured by bribery and corruption. In this situation how long would honest old Republicans, to whom the party means something else than "boodle," think that devotion to "the grand old party" requires them to promote bribery and corruption in politics by supporting such a management at the polls?

We observe that some of the appeals for Mr. Evarts insisted warmly upon standing by the old party, and upon the fact that the Republican party alone can be trusted to secure the objects which good citizens approve. Very well: suppose that the friends of Mr. Evarts, adhering to him with that view, are finally overpowered by "boodle"—not by honest preference, but by "boodle"—what then? How can a party be trusted to secure honest results when in the largest of the States the majority of the party representatives, according to its own adherents, is enticed by "boodle," and is susceptible to disreputable influences—in other words, is bought with money? How does a grand old party, or any other party, control legislation or secure results except through agents? and if those agents buy their agencies, as it is openly alleged by Republicans that certain other Republicans are doing, and Mr. Evarts is defeated, how can a conscientious or sensible man justify himself for standing by fraud and bribery and corruption, and calling it standing by the grand old party? Are such men content to say that it is "too bad," but that it is the "chance of the game," and that "reform must be made within the party"? Do they think that reform within or without the party can be secured by confirming and strengthening, not a distasteful, but a corrupt, control of the party—a control which makes honest party men mere pawns in the hands of dishonest party men?

In the most rigid party view can there be any result more absolutely indispensable to honorable polities than to wrest the party control from dishonest hands, that is to say, hands that work with what the *Evening Journal* calls the "weapons of sin," "boodle," and "disreputable influences"? But how can the control be taken from such hands, or such leaders forced to more reputable courses, if their dishonesty and corruption are confirmed by the support of honest men? If party knaves obtain control, and party honest men vote for them and for their candidates under plea of sustaining the party, are the knaves likely to relent and change their course? It is the knaves who insist most vehemently upon the test of unwavering support of regular nominations, and upon the duty of standing by the party. "The party" means its management, and that management they have secured, and their hold is confirmed by those who uphold all that they do, under cover of supporting the party. There is but one way of baffling such controland changing the party course, and that is defeating the plans of the dishonest managers, and refusing to sustain, under the plea of supporting the party, nominations or measures which the voter conscientiously condemns. Why should he suffer a caucus or a convention to control his conscience or constrain him to vote for a dishonest man, or to condone dishonest methods? He does not help the matter by saying that the other side is equally bad, because if that be so, his plain duty is not to take a course which will make both sides equally bad, and every election merely a choice of evils. In the present case, to say that if Mr. Morton should be elected it would be the result of a free use of "boodle," that is to say, of bribery and corruption, and then to acquiesce quietly in the control that secured his election, would be to degrade and demoralize politics, and to put a premium upon political corruption.

THE NIAGARA PARK.

The report of the Commission to secure lands for the Niagara Park will be presented to the Legislature immediately. It was read at the late meeting of the Association for the Rescue of the Cataract, and it states plainly the progress of the movement, which has resulted in the award of damages to land-owners to the amount of $1,433,429 50. This would secure in perpetuity to the people of this country and of other countries the free approach to the sublimest natural spectacle of the kind in the world, and which is now not to be seen from any point upon American soil without paying. Mr. Robert Lenox Belknap read the report, which closed with this statement of the case:

> "It is an imputation upon the citizens of New York to suppose that prolonged argument and persistent appeal are necessary to win their approval of the proposed rescue of Niagara Falls from destruction as a sublime and unparalleled natural spectacle. Nature has given to the State one of the great wonders of the world. It is a shrine of pilgrimage from every country, and it can not be contemplated without the most solemn and elevating emotions. If through nature we look up to nature's God, a scene like this is one of the mightiest and most magnificent temples for the worship of the Creator. Shall that temple be desecrated by agencies that we can readily remove? By the proposed plan the immediate vicinity of the Falls will be cleared of every kind of obstruction, and the grounds will be laid out in a simple and seemly manner, providing every condition which is essential for the proper contemplation of the cataract. These grounds, which are indispensable if Niagara is to be rescued, will pass at once into the possession of the people of the State, and will be forever freely open to them and to all travellers from all the world. The famous cataract will cease to be, what it unquestionably now is, a disgrace to the State, and the stupendous scene will be revealed and perpetuated in all its grandeur."

Nature has given this State a peculiar trust, and it ought not to be possible that the State will neglect it so shamefully as to permit the practical obliteration of the marvellous spectacle. Yet the general protest of all intelligent citizens against such a result can be made effective only by some interested effort in every district. The success of a plan which good citizens instinctively approve can be secured only by the passage of a bill which necessarily involves an appropriation, and opposition to appropriations is often a passport to political favor, and can be easily made a plausible cry for political support. As Mr. Matthew Hale, one of the appraisers of the land, said at the meeting, it is unfortunate that there is an election of Governor this year, because candidates and their friends may be disposed to look askance at an appropriation for such a purpose. It has been suggested that this consideration may have influenced Governor Hill in omitting in his Message any allusion to a project so peculiarly interesting to the pride and public spirit of every New-Yorker. We are inclined to think, however, that the enterprise is of such a character, and is so free from all suspicion of jobbery of any kind, that its judicious support would be an advantage to any candidate for the nomination.

The bill must pass before the 30th of April, or all the efforts that have been given to the movement will be lost, and the work must be recommenced. For every reason this would be very unfortunate, and the peculiar disgrace that must befall the good name of New York, should the attempt to preserve the cataract finally fail, will be indelible. The story will be recorded in the annals of the State, and it will be a perpetual impeachment of its intelligence and public spirit. But, as the report says, the supposition of failure is an intolerable imputation upon the citizens of New York. It is not possible that one of the foremost of civilized States, active, prosperous, and progressive in all material things, will be so unmindful of the great trust which nature has committed to it for its own delight and benefit and for the advantage of the world.

ENGLISH POLITICS.

Should any mishap befall Lord Wolseley at Khartoom, Mr. Gladstone's Administration would at once retire before an outburst of public censure. But in any event the situation in Egypt is so confused, and the results of British interference have been so unsatisfactory, that there is a strong feeling against the Government even among the Liberals; and the *Times*, which is in a certain sense independent, calls upon the Prime Minister to resign, and the general comments of the press show profound discontent in the public mind. Nobody seems able to comprehend what the Egyptian movement really means, or what the practical result can be except leaving the country. A British army is advancing through the Soudan to relieve General Gordon, the results of whose expedition have yet to be ascertained, and if both generals escape with their men, it will be considered a piece of good fortune. But the expense will be enormous, and the national advantage and the prestige will be hard to discover.

If, however, the expected Parliamentary assault is made upon Mr. Gladstone, there is no doubt that his defense will be magnificent. He will leave his country in no doubt whatever of his purpose in the Egyptian campaign, and if it be possible to justify it, it will be justified. The Gladstone Government inherited the trouble from Lord Beaconsfield, and total withdrawal from the country was not practicable except at the sacrifice of certain British interests. Whether these could have been protected more successfully in another way is the question which, with all the censure upon the course of the Government, has not yet been answered. The censure, in substance, is that the Egyptian policy has been neither definite nor vigorous. But the Government may possibly plead that public opinion demanded the Gordon expedition, and also forbade the practical British occupation and control of the country. It has also demanded the relief of Gordon. If now Gordon should be relieved and the army retire from the country, it will be a fair question whether the Gordon expedition, which was forced upon the Government, was not a mistake.

It is not in Egypt alone that the foreign relations of England are unsatisfactory. The Australian question is becoming important. Germany has occupied the northern part of New Guinea, and France intends to seize the New Hebrides, while England has annexed all the islands between Australia and New Guinea, and the coast-line from Cape Colony to Natal. The neighborhood of Germany raises perplexing questions for Australia, and as Bismarck would gladly see Gladstone discomfited, the British Foreign Office may expect to be busy. Meanwhile Mr. Parnell shows himself to be a dictator in Ireland stronger than ever, and announces a new land agitation. In this situation it must be a relief and consolation to Major Pendennis and Sir Roger de Coverley to read in the *Times* at the club that the monarchy was never so stable, and that the Prince Edward of six hundred years hence may anticipate as peaceful a succession to the crown as the Prince Edward of to-day.

DYNAMITE.

The Phelan incident will tend to confirm the general English conviction that America is the nursery of all dynamite crimes. It ought to go far also to show Irishmen in this country the character and methods of the men who profess to be especially Irish patriots and leaders. The story told by Phelan in prospect of death is that in consequence of something that he had said in an interview, he was summoned to Rossa's office, and there assailed with the purpose of assassination. Whether, however, the circumstances of the assault were as Phelan relates can not be answered. A sudden fracas is as probable as a premeditated attack.

It seems to be highly improbable, however, that men who make a living by threatening England three thousand miles away would unite in an organized conspiracy to discipline each other with the pistol and dagger, like the Russian Nihilists and the old Italian Carbonari, or even Irish Whiteboys and Molly Maguires. The Captain Bobadils who wage war with England in Chicago and St. Louis and New York are swaggerers, not conspirators. Like other blusterers and bullies, they may occasionally get by the ears and shoot and stab. But their object is comfortable living, not heroic or any other dying. We do not mean that there are not associated with them honest if mistaken men who really mean, according to their light, to do something for the relief of Ireland. But the directing spirits are familiar enough in New York for many years, and they are of the type of Mr. Robinson, the Brooklyn Representative in Congress, who demands that none of his colleagues be permitted to drink wine with foreign envoys, and who relentlessly denounces Mr. Lowell as if he were a recreant Minister of the Irish republic.

If English statesmen and journals, instead of requiring the immediate arrest of Rossa and the rest whenever a mysterious explosion occurs in London, would quicken their own police vigilance, and reflect upon the probabilities of the situation, they would be more at ease and more reasonable. We admit fully that amity and comity require that we take every precaution compatible with the just rights of American citizens against crimes and criminal plans in this country involving the peace and order of all friendly states. But unless, for instance, we prohibit shipping dynamite altogether, we can only prohibit it when some probable illicit purpose in the shipment can be established. If it is an explosive so peculiarly obnoxious to England, certainly it is much easier for England to prohibit its entry than for us to prevent its departure. The moment that England refuses to receive it, the steam-ship companies will refuse to transport it. But England will hardly require as a proof of friendship that Americans shall not make it, nor sell it, nor ship it. The ferocious threats at meetings of Irishmen in America unduly alarm Englishmen. Undoubtedly there are Irishmen here who are ready for crimes, and who may even have crossed the sea to perpetrate them, but the Irish agitators here are really a very insignificant body, and their importance is made mainly by reporters in newspapers. The great body of Irish-born American citizens probably look upon the agitation with a certain curiosity. But they do not take part in it. And as for the current contributions, they are hardly large enough to support the chief talkers here, leaving nothing to pay for armaments or dynamite to annihilate the Saxon invader of Ireland.

MR. VANDERBILT AND GENERAL GRANT.

Mr. Vanderbilt's generous and considerate offer to relieve General Grant of the necessity of selling the various public testimonials to his patriotic services was very honorable. Mr. Vanderbilt proposed to present them to Mrs. Grant, to be presented, at the General's death or sooner, to the government at Washington, and he added to the gift the judgments and mortgages upon the General's real estate.

Mrs. Grant and the General at first accepted the proposition, so far as it related to the memorials. Mr. Vanderbilt insisted, and stated that he should create a trust fund, and that the income should be paid to Mrs. Grant. To this the General and Mrs. Grant acceded; but a little later, upon farther reflection, Mrs. Grant renewed her declination of the "princely and generous offer."

The result is that the most precious and honorable possessions of General Grant, the various proofs of the national gratitude, will not be scattered, but finally retained in the national care. In this correspondence, as in the munificent and unburdened gift to the College of Physicians and Surgeons, Mr. Vanderbilt has shown a just estimate of the duties and an admirable use of the opportunities of great wealth.

SCHUYLER COLFAX.

Schuyler Colfax was a very prominent public man a few years since, but he had been long entirely withdrawn from public life. He had a natural taste for politics, and he was a sagacious politician. His Republican convictions were strong, and in the press, upon the stump, and in Congress he was an efficient worker. Hearty and genial in manner, and of a ready sympathy, he made friends and avoided quarrels and trouble, rising to be a Speaker of the House well versed in Parliamentary law, then to the Vice-Presidency, and even to the hope, and perhaps expectation, of the higher post.

The moral strain of public life at Washington, as elsewhere, is very severe, and the revelations of the Crédit Mobilier and other transactions in 1872 involved Mr. Colfax to that degree that he retired from politics. For the last dozen years he has devoted himself to lecturing, mainly in the West, and to the great pleasure of his audiences. He had accumulated a comfortable competency, and proposed to himself a less laborious life, when his death occurred instantaneously at Mankato.

He was a kindly, pleasant man, of good impulses and generous feelings. But the sudden end of his public career conveys an impressive and invaluable lesson for the young politician.

MARGARET FULLER AND HAWTHORNE.

Hawthorne is so great a name, and sure of so long a renown, that it is painful to see its weight given to a singular and great injustice to a very noble woman. An extract from Hawthorne's diary, which is recently published in his son's memoir, speaks of Margaret Fuller as Hawthorne undoubtedly felt. But the feeling seems to us a prejudice, and not a definite and well-considered judgment. It is evidently largely founded upon gossip, but a gossip which was credited and recorded because of that instinctive dislike which defies reason and analysis. Impressions of others depend much upon temperament, and the mutual dislike of the most excellent persons is a familiar fact. The diary of a man so positive and so sincere as Hawthorne is the vivid transcript of his actual impressions and thoughts and feelings. It is a clear revelation of the real state of his mind. Courtesy, convention, charity, all the alleviations and modifications of expression which make us in society, as Cranch finely says,

> "Spirits clad in veils"—

all these are laid aside in the diary. Perhaps, also, the expression of the whim, or the prejudice, or the misconception, of another person is the more emphatic and extravagant in the diary because of a reaction from the courteous concealment of ordinary intercourse. Margaret Fuller affected Hawthorne unpleasantly, and therefore injurious gossip about her naturally lodged in his mind as probable. In his diary he recorded it with a stinging pen, and it is unfortunate, for his sake as for hers, that the record was not destroyed. No nobler, truer, loftier, or purer woman than Margaret Fuller has lived. She was endowed with unusual powers, and by nature and training she was committed to a long and severe conflict with circumstances and with certain defects of character and temperament, from which she emerged triumphant. The best men and women around her loved and admired her most. Capable of every highest form of enjoyment, her life was a prolonged self-sacrifice, of which her tragical death was a fitting symbol. Among American women no one is worthier of lasting remembrance for the thorough training of remarkable intellectual ability, and for the most wholesome discipline of character. Without personal charm, and even with a certain personal repulsion to some temperaments—and undoubtedly to Hawthorne's—she had yet that spiritual grace and force and essential goodness, that healthful sympathy and unshaken loyalty to the highest ideals, which, although she was not the poet's "lovely apparition," recall to those who knew her the lines of Wordsworth, to no woman more truly applicable than to Margaret Fuller:

> "The reason firm, the temperate will,
> Endurance, foresight, strength, and skill;
> A perfect woman, nobly planned,
> To warn, to comfort, and command."

REVOLUTIONARY ARCHIVES.

A writer in the Detroit *Every Saturday* states that he had recent occasion to consult the archives of the Revolution in the State Department at Washington, and he discovered that they are now in a condition of great confusion, and that the want of clerical aid prevents a proper classification which would make them accessible to inquirers. We understand that Senator Palmer, of Michigan, will move in the matter, and there is no doubt that any action of Congress providing for the proper indexing and arrangement of the documents would be heartily approved.

They are, of course, invaluable to the student, and essential to a correct knowledge of a most vitally interesting epoch of our history. The heads of departments are naturally reluctant to ask for appropriations beyond the necessary and current demand of the public work. But the due classification and adjustment of such documents for reference would be a service of constant value, upon which it is to be fairly supposed that even Mr. Holman would look with favor.

OUR POLICY ON THE ISTHMUS.

The statement that the Nicaragua treaty, in proposing the construction of an isthmian canal by this country, and an exclusive American protection, effects a change of policy, is founded upon the fact that we have often proposed a common guarantee. By the treaty of Bogota in 1846 the United States guaranteed the neutrality of the isthmus and the sovereignty of New Granada, but not to the exclusion of other nations, nor with any special advantages in case of war. The Hise treaty with Nicaragua in 1849, which was never ratified, gave us exclusive control of a canal, with the right to erect fortifications, and prohibited the passage of the war ships of other nations. In the same year the United States, alluding to the English claims upon the Mosquito coast, declared that while not seeking "any exclusive right or privilege in a great highway which naturally belonged to all mankind," yet could not see it fall under the exclusive control of any other power.

This correspondence led to the Clayton-Bulwer treaty of 1850, the purpose of which was stated to be, "not to accomplish a particular object, but to establish a general principle" of a joint protectorate. The Yrissari treaty with Nicaragua in 1857 guaranteed neutrality and promised protection, and promised also to invite other nations to join in such guarantees. In 1862, Colombia, threatened by Mosquera, called upon the United States to execute the guarantee of protection, and Mr. Seward instructed our Ministers in England and France to ascertain whether those governments would unite with the United States in guaranteeing the transit and the Colombian government. In 1867 a treaty was concluded with Nicaragua in which the United States agreed to endeavor to induce other nations to unite in a guarantee of neutrality and protection. In 1868, 1869, and 1870 treaties were proposed with Colombia which gave us exclusive privileges in a canal in time of war, but they failed. In 1877, in proposing a treaty with Nicaragua for the same general purposes, Mr. Fish said that a guarantee of the chief maritime powers was indispensable.

It is evident from such a brief and rapid glance that a joint protectorate has been a part of our general isthmian policy. Mr. Douglas opposed the Clayton-Bulwer treaty on the ground that he would never make any compact with a European power in respect to our annexation or colonization on the American continent. He held that we ought to have exclusive control of the transit route, and admit to it other nations upon terms compatible with our interests. Mr. Douglas's opposition did not avail. But the policy of the new treaty is founded upon his general view of the subject.

PERSONAL.

On hearing of Mr. Colfax's death, General Grant expressed the highest esteem for the ex-Vice-President, and added that this esteem extended to his professional career and his personal character. No public man in this country has a keener sense of loyalty to friends than General Grant.

—Mr. James Sime, of London, biographer of Lessing, is engaged on *A Short History of the German People.*

—There is a large American colony in Berlin, besides the two hundred and fifty of our young countrymen attending its university, and some amusement has been caused among them by a cis-atlantic echo of their recent grand Thanksgiving banquet, namely, a paragraph stating that the American Minister had called out three cheers for the President-elect, and Mr. "Conroy" toasted "Our homely Americans." Minister Kasson, who asked cheers for President Arthur—and telegraphed to him—and Mr. Conway, who proposed "Our American homes," can hardly appreciate the joke.

—A Philadelphia *Press* correspondent, who has been talking with Walt Whitman, noticed that the lines of age in the poet's face fade away in conversation, that his eyes are blue-gray, that he wears a large white felt hat, that his spotless shirt front is fastened with a button the size and shape of a button-wood ball, and that though his voice is full and strong, his talk often halts as if waiting for just the right word.

—Mr. Kenyon Cox, a young American painter, writes in the *Critic* that Mr. Watts's kinship with Titian, with Millet, and with the great artists of all times is in this: he has fixed his mind solely upon the thing to be expressed, and has left means, in great measure, to take care of themselves. There is a large seriousness about him—a *souffle d'art*, as the French say—and a singleness of purpose in all his work. His portraits may not be so cleverly handled as Bonnât's, but they are infinitely more respectful.

—Mr. Moncure Conway's *Thomas Carlyle* has been translated into German by Madame Rappard.

—One of the proprietors of a cheap cab company in this city tries to solve a vexed problem by publicly advising his patrons to read the rates of fare posted in the cabs, and to resist all overcharges on the part of drivers. The trouble is that gentlemen of ordinary tastes have an aversion to disputing in public with noisy drivers.

—Mr. James Anthony Froude explains his proposed trip around the world as follows: "I have grown tired of the chatter that my last volumes on Carlyle have brought forth, and I thought that in six months, at any rate, the world would forget the existence of so unlucky a person as the biographer of Carlyle." To which a friend replied, "Impossible; your book sells too well."

—Mr. Stanley, the African explorer, is preparing another work for publication.

—The monument to Bellini, the composer, in which the figure of Mlle. Nevada appears as Amina, will be unveiled at Naples next spring.

—Dr. Holmes's description of Emerson: "His face was thin, his nose somewhat accipitrine, casting a broad shadow; his mouth rather wide, well formed, and well closed, carrying a question and an assertion in its finely finished curves; the lower lip a little prominent, the chin shapely and firm, as becomes the corner-stone of the countenance. His expression was calm, sedate, kindly, with that look of refinement centring about the lips which is rarely found in the male New-Englander unless the family features have been for two or three cultivated generations the battle-field and the play-ground of varied thoughts and complex emotions, as well as the sensuous and nutritive port of entry."

—The Empress of Austria, though a grandmother, has a beautiful and lithe figure, and enjoys the reputation of being the first huntress in the world. Her fondness for the horse leads her often into the society of circus-riders, but she evinces much distaste for the *fêtes* of her palace.

—Mr. Siemering, the distinguished Berlin sculptor, is working energetically on the figures for the monument to Washington, intrusted to him by the Society of the Cincinnati, and to be set up in Philadelphia. Mr. Kasson, the American Minister at Berlin, and other Americans who have visited the work, have found it thus far satisfactory. The face of Washington himself is said to be especially impressive. The work is to be in bronze, to cost $300,000, and will be completed in six years.

—Professor Herman Grimm is at work on a biography of Raphael, which will probably be of much importance. Miss Sarah Adams, a sister of Mrs. James T. Fields, who so finely translated *The Life and Times of Goethe* by the same author, is now in Berlin, and engaged in translating the new work from the manuscript.

—Theodore Tilton has been living in Paris for several months, almost unknown to American newspapers, yet entertaining handsomely, and gratifying his tastes for art. He has made money by lecturing.

—John Jay Cisco did not live to see the fall of his great banking house. He died on the 23d of last March.

—One of the favorite schemes of the late Dr. Guthrie, of Edinburgh, was the creation of a fund for the erection of a parsonage in every parish of Scotland. Dr. William M. Taylor, of this city, has recently been successfully devoting some of his time and eloquence to the collection of money for providing every missionary of the Congregational Church in the distant West with a home for himself and family.

—The editor of the *Sun* has provided for his office cat an honorable niche in contemporaneous journalism, and some of his friends seem disposed to erect a shrine to her in literature. We shall probably not hear the last of the sagacious little beast for some time to come.

—General Grant's letter declining Mr. Vanderbilt's generous offer to forgive his debt of $150,000 was as follows:

"Dear Sir,—Mrs. Grant wishes me to answer your letter of this evening to say that while she appreciates your great generosity in transferring to her the mortgage given to secure my debt of $150,000, she can not accept it in whole. She accepts with pleasure the trust which applies to articles enumerated in your letter to go to the government of the United States, at my death, or sooner, at her option. In this matter you have anticipated the disposition which I had contemplated making of the articles. They will be delivered to the government as soon as arrangements can be made for their reception.

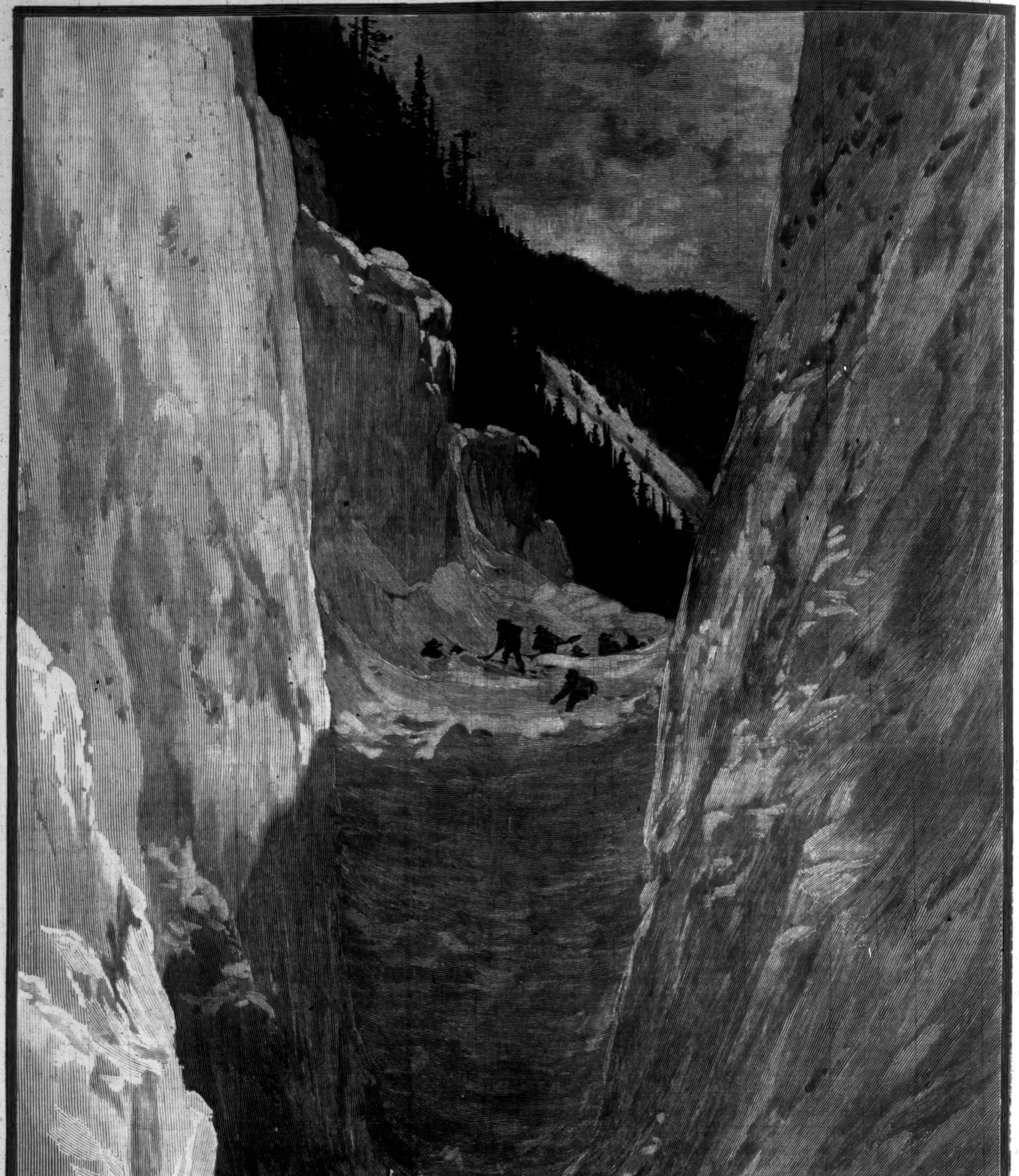
"Papers relating to all other property will be returned, with the request that you have it sold and the proceeds applied to the liquidation of the debt which I so justly owe you. You have stated in your letter, with the minutest accuracy, the history of the transaction which brought me in your debt. I have only to add that I regard your giving me your check for the amount without inquiry as an act of marked and unusual friendship. The loan was to me personally. I got the money, as I believed, to carry the Marine National Bank over a day, being assured that the bank was solvent, but owing to unusual calls needed assistance until it could call in its loans. I was assured by Ferdinand Ward that the firm of Grant & Ward had over $660,000 to their credit at that time in the Marine Bank, besides $1,300,000 of unpledged securities in their own vaults.

"I can not conclude without assuring you that Mrs. Grant's inability to avail herself of your great kindness in no way lessens either her sense of obligation or my own. Yours truly, U. S. Grant.

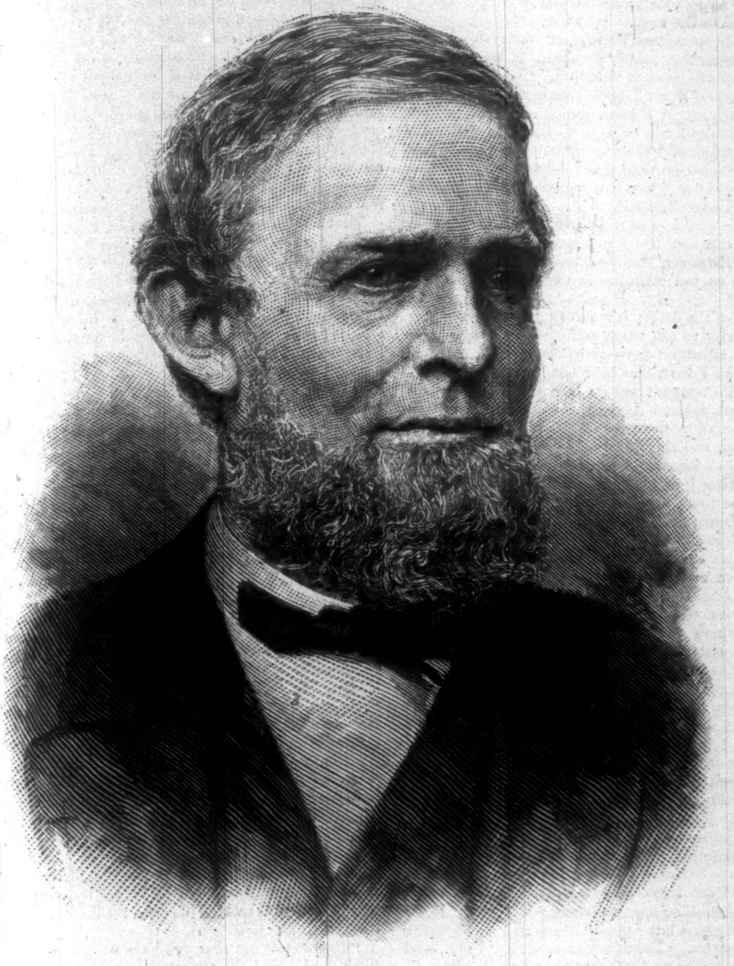
"W. H. Vanderbilt, Esq."

—For weeks previous to his death Tourguéneff could not sleep without morphia, and could lie only on his left side. "Is a life like this worth living?" he asked. "There was Goethe, for instance, saturated with every earthly blessing, great fame, loved by women, hated by idiots, all Europe kneeling at his feet, and Napoleon saying of him, 'Here is a man indeed.' Well, at the age of eighty-two, Goethe confessed that he had been happy only a quarter of an hour in his whole life. So you see we must not grumble."

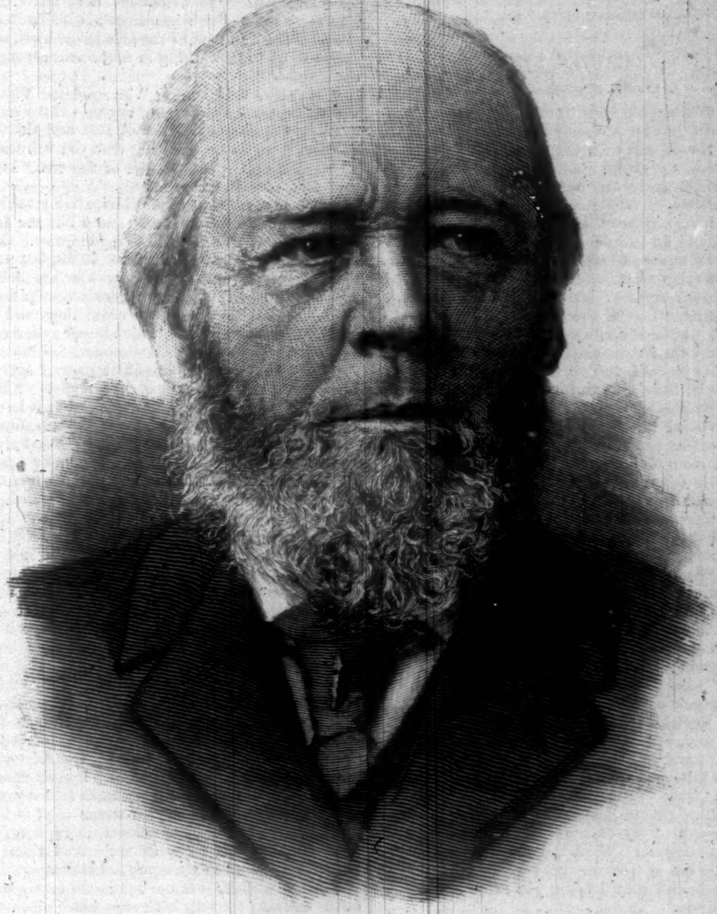
—The late Captain Isaiah Rynders was a legacy of the semi-civilized era of New York politics, when rough-and-tumble fighters held positions of national importance, and Abolitionists were considered to be of the scum of the earth. He became United States Marshal under President Buchanan, and never failed to electrify an audience of the "b'hoys" by announcing that his first vote was cast for Andrew Jackson. His powers of organization and leadership were of a high order, and his enemies respected him because he meant what he said, and could be depended upon to keep his word. None of them questioned his personal honesty. These traits have always belonged, in greater or less measure, to chieftains of barbarous ages. Captain Rynders died poor, in his eighty-second year. Only a few days before the event he said, "I helped elect Cleveland, and he will take care of me."



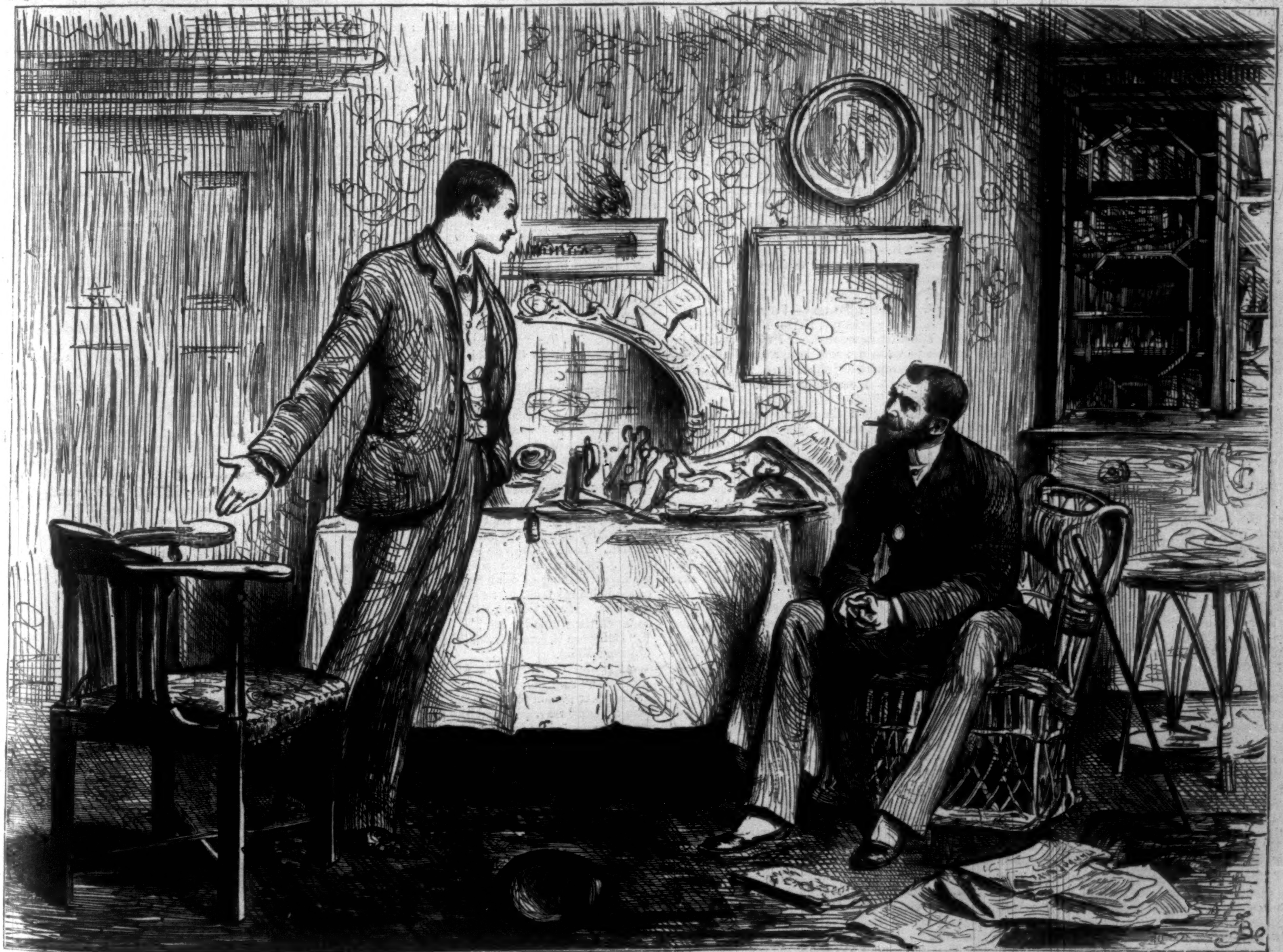
SNOWED UNDER—DIGGING OUT A RAILROAD IN COLORADO.—From a Photograph.—[See Page 55.]



THE LATE SCHUYLER COLFAX.—From a Photograph by Fredericks.—[See Page 51.]



THE LATE PROFESSOR BENJAMIN SILLIMAN.—From a Photograph by Kurtz.—[See Page 59.]



"THE YOUNG MAN WAS SILENT FOR A MINUTE OR TWO, AND THEN SAID, WITH SUDDEN VEHEMENCE, 'HERIOT, I WANT TO SEE HER.'"—[See Serial "Adrian Vidal," Page 54.]

ADRIAN VIDAL.*

By W. E. NORRIS,

AUTHOR OF "MATRIMONY," "MDLLE. DE MERSAC," "THIRLBY HALL," ETC.

CHAPTER VII.

A LITTLE DISCOURAGEMENT.

ONE fine hot morning in the beginning of July Mr. Heriot left his house and walked slowly down Brook Street, carrying his stick under his arm and stooping slightly, as his habit was. The fashionable world was hardly out of bed yet, for the clocks had only just struck ten, but many of Heriot's acquaintances were already up and abroad, and he had not proceeded far on his way before he was accosted by some of these. A curate, hurrying along with shuffling, ecclesiastical gait, caught sight of him and crossed the road, exclaiming, "You're the very man I wanted to meet!" After which there was a brief colloquy, and Heriot's finger and thumb went into his waistcoat pocket, and a transfer of coin took place. In Bond Street, further on, some of the trades-people, who were standing in their doorways, wished him good-morning, and hoped he was keeping pretty well this beautiful weather. For London is not quite the unneighborly city that it is often represented as being, and those who spend a little money and take a little interest in the parishes wherein they dwell soon discover that the metropolis is rather a collection of small towns than one immense one. Heriot had plenty of money, which he distributed freely and unostentatiously among those who had none; so that his kindly, ugly face was tolerably well known in the streets which lay between his house and his club.

"Mornin', sir. 'Ain't seen you this three weeks," said the crossing sweeper in Piccadilly. "Ben porely agin, sir?"

But Heriot, as he produced the expected sixpence, said, No, he had only been down in the country; and so passed on to Duke Street, where he was informed that Mr. Vidal was at home and at breakfast.

Vidal greeted his friend with even more warmth than usual. "My dear old chap, how delighted I am to see you! What the deuce do you mean by going out of town the very day that I return? Sit down, and they'll bring you some hot coffee in a minute."

"Thanks, I have breakfasted," answered Heriot; "but I'll smoke a cigarette with you if you'll allow me. Well, and what is your news?"

Vidal made a gesture of profound discouragement. "My news! Why, you must know already what my news is likely to be. I suppose you have seen the papers?"

"I have been staying in a house where they don't take in many papers," answered Heriot, conscious of an unflattering ignorance upon a subject which ought to have engrossed him more deeply; "but I saw some very favorable notices of your book before I left London."

"Oh, some of them were civil enough; some of them always are, I take it. But the people whose praise is worth having won't hear of me at any price. They've found me out, my dear fellow; they've discovered the nakedness of the land, as I knew they would. Just look at that!"

And he tossed a copy of the *Monday Review* across the table to Heriot, who began to read aloud the article to which his attention was directed.

"'It is not as often as we could wish that we are able to congratulate the writers of novels upon having selected a thoroughly appropriate title for their works, and we are the more ready to accord this praise to the author of *Satiety* since it is very nearly the only word of praise that we have it in our power to bestow upon him. If ever three volumes were calculated to produce upon the mind of the reader that sensation of which the heading of each page appears to be intended as a dismal warning—'"

At this point Heriot thought he wouldn't read aloud any more, and finished the article in silence, while Vidal, who had thrown himself into an arm-chair, smoked and stared up at the ceiling.

After a longish pause the younger man said: "There are lots of others there at your elbow. You had better look through them, and then tell me honestly whether you still think I have a chance of doing any good at this trade."

Heriot obeyed, and after perusing a dozen or so of critiques, long and short, exclaimed: "Why, my dear boy, nearly all of them are complimentary, and some are positively fulsome. Here's the *Society Newsman* says—"

"I don't care two straws what the *Society Newsman* says," interrupted Vidal; "and it doesn't give me the smallest satisfaction to be praised for qualities which I don't possess."

"The *Discriminator*, then—since you won't be contented with anything less than a high-class journal—the *Discriminator* pats you on the back in the most friendly way, and thinks that 'this is in many respects the most remarkable novel of the year. . . . The characters are not only drawn with rare skill—that of Lady Tatterville, the selfish and cynical old woman of the world, would have done no discredit to Thackeray—but behave themselves under all circumstances as such characters would behave themselves in real life. Mr. Vidal knows what he is writing about, and gives us a sketch of modern society, in certain of its developments, which we must admit to be substantially accurate; although we may doubt whether he is justified in his conclusion that the men and women of our day are less capable of being roused to enthusiasm than their predecessors. We wonder, for instance, what he would say to the crowds of fashionable ladies who thronged to hear Messrs. Moody and Sankey not many years ago, or to the considerable number of men who brave ridicule at the present time by wearing a scrap of blue ribbon in their button-holes. We should like Mr. Vidal to think out these and similar manifestations before he writes his next novel. . . . The story upon which he hangs his brilliant digressions, is, it is true, of the slenderest kind, and seems to us to be wanting in movement throughout; but—'"

"Ah, there it is, you see," interpolated Vidal.

"Well; but he goes on to say that if the story lacks this, it has abundance of that and t'other, and winds up by prophesying that you will leave your mark upon the literature of the era. Isn't that good enough for you?"

"I must say," remarked Vidal, after smoking for some minutes in silence, "that I like the *Discriminator*. I think it's honest, you know. One may not always agree with its views, but one feels that it is written by men who are doing their best to be fair, and who don't scamp their work. When they review a novel they read it, and read it carefully, too, which is more than can be said for some of their contemporaries."

"It is, no doubt, an excellent paper," agreed Heriot, without the shadow of a smile. "The *Monday Review* has also its merits; but it is too superficial, and it labors under the disadvantage of being somewhat celebrated for its smart writing. Imagine the position of an unlucky paper which has to keep up that reputation when opportunities for smartness are so often wanting! I think you ought to be more sorry for the poor *Monday Reviewer* than angry with him. What could be more poetic than this? 'If *Satiety* were as preposterous in plot, as silly in dialogue, or as ungrammatical in style as many of the novels which our duty compels us to peruse, we could feel relatively grateful to Mr. Vidal, since it is just possible that our labors might then have been lightened by an occasional laugh. But it is none of these things. It is only dull, only vapid, only wanting in every single quality that goes to make a readable novel.' Can't you see the wretched man rubbing his head in despair? 'Hang it all! I *must* be smart; I *must* maintain the character of the paper; I *must* amuse the public; and here's this pestilent fellow won't give one half a chance! No words used out of their proper sense, no confused metaphors, no pea-green sunsets, no nothing!' And then he very naturally turns upon you in his exasperation and declares that 'it is not too much to say that in the course of a very long experience of novels we have come across none so uninterruptedly tedious as *Satiety*.' 'A very long experience' too, poor fellow! Don't you see that if he has been doing nothing but review novels all his life, he can't be capable of any very ambitious literary work? And why should you allow yourself to be cast down because a man of such low intellectual calibre fails to appreciate you?"

"I am quite well aware that you are laughing at me, Heriot," said Vidal; "but there is some truth in what you say, for all that. The unfortunate part of it is that critics influence the public—at least I suppose they do. I wish you would tell me what you yourself thought of the book."

Heriot hesitated for a moment. "I read it with a great deal of pleasure," he said at length; "but I can't honestly say that it struck me as being a good novel. You know as well as I do what its defects are; and I should say that you could very easily avoid them next time. If I were you I wouldn't be above learning by experience; and I think I should be very well satisfied with such success as the book has had."

"It has had no success," answered Vidal, gloomily. "It doesn't sell."

"H'm! That is a good deal worse than adverse criticism."

"Well, yes, I am afraid it is. I hoped to make a living by my pen; but now—I don't know. Do you think I have it in me, Heriot?"

Heriot looked distressed. "I think you have it in you to write a much better novel than *Satiety*," he answered. "More than that I can't venture to say. I can only repeat what I told you at Lucerne."

"Ah, yes!" sighed the young man. "Sometimes I wish I had never gone to Lucerne; and yet— Come, Heriot, put me out of my pain, and let us get it over. You know what I have been dying to ask you all this time."

"I hoped you had got over that," Heriot said.

"Well, I haven't got over it. I shall never get over it," returned the other, impatiently. "For Heaven's sake, speak out, man. She has accepted him, I suppose?"

"No; she has refused him, I am sorry to say. But, my dear Adrian, what difference does that make?"

Vidal's reply was to start out of the arm-chair in which he had been reclining and to fling Heriot's hat up to the ceiling, his own not being available.

"Difference!" he exclaimed. "The difference between life and death, that's all! So long as I have something to live for, and ever so small a particle of hope to cling to, I can work and do my best. I don't think I could have begun all over again, and changed my style of writing, only to get a little praise from the *Monday Review*. So she refused him, eh? Did she give any reason?"

"Really I don't know," answered Heriot, with a vexed laugh. "I presume she did, but I don't think it likely that she named your existence as the reason. All that I have heard about it was in a letter from Mrs. Irvine, who is already resigned to the loss of Wilbraham, and feels confident that somebody equally eligible will turn up. You are not equally eligible, and I do hope and trust that you will have the decency to refrain from turning up."

The young man was silent for a minute or two, and then said, with sudden vehemence, "Heriot, I *want* to see her!"

"I dare say you do; but it is your duty to put a curb upon your desires. At least don't go down to Polruth this summer. In another twelvemonth you will probably know something more definite as to your future income."

"And in the mean time?"

"In the mean time there is, of course, the chance of her marrying somebody else. It seems to me that you will have to risk that."

"Well—I'll try," said Vidal, with something of an effort. "I won't make any promise, because I might not be able to keep it; but I admit that I should have no right to propose to her now; and so, no doubt, the most prudent course is to avoid her. You are horribly unsympathetic, do you know, Heriot."

"No; only I have a difficulty in believing that a man can lose his heart irrecoverably in these days. However, you shall have all my sympathy so long as you continue to exercise a little self-denial."

"It isn't a little; it's a very great deal. You must write to me, when you are down there, and tell me all about her—*everything*, mind, whether you think I shall like it or not."

Vidal's buoyant spirits began to rise as soon as he was alone. A great weight had been lifted off his mind by the news of Mr. Wilbraham's final rejection, and the failure of his book no longer seemed to him an irretrievable calamity. Remembering how many famous authors have had to force their way through preliminary neglect and ridicule, he felt a little ashamed of his faint-heartedness. After all, as Heriot had said, it would be easy—possible, at all events—to correct in a second work the mistakes which had proved fatal to the first. The essential thing was to find out what the public really liked; a point upon which he had hitherto hardly bestowed enough attention, perhaps.

That same evening he happened to find himself at a large dinner party in company with a journalist of repute and a popular novelist. To them he determined to address himself for the required information, and, after the ladies had left the dining-room, he sat down beside the journalist and put the question to him point-blank: "What do you think that the novel-reading public really likes?"

The journalist, who was a big, burly man, with blunt manners, replied: "That's rather a puzzler. Incident—humor—pathos—development of character—I can't say exactly. What's one man's meat is another man's poison, you know. But I can tell you what nobody likes, and that's being preached at. Take my advice, Mr. Vidal, and leave sermons to the parsons, whose business it is to produce them. What you want to do is to amuse people, and you'll never do that by tying a string of essays together and calling it a novel."

"I dare say you are quite right," said Vidal, meekly; "but I didn't so much want to be told what to avoid as what to seek."

"Well, if you ask me, I should recommend you to write a sensation novel. In fashion or out of fashion, they always pay, and always go down with the public. Give it 'em hot and strong, Mr. Vidal—battle, murder, and sudden death—and see if they don't swallow it as I swallow this glass of claret. Devilish good claret it is, too!"

Apparently this was not a person of refined taste. Vidal now betook himself to the author, who at once began to talk to him about *Satiety*, and was exceedingly polite and encouraging, as men who have reached the top of the hill commonly are to those who are still struggling up the ascent. On being inquired of as to what the novel-reading public really liked, he answered, confidentially: "Well, between you and me, the novel-reading public means the women. If we don't succeed in pleasing them, we are nowhere."

"And what do they like?" Vidal pursued.

"Ask them," replied the other, with a laugh, and turned away to speak to some one else.

Vidal thought he might do worse than act upon this hint. In the drawing-room he approached his hostess, a lively little old lady who had once been a beauty, and begged her to tell him who was her favorite novelist. Without any hesitation, she named the one who was present, thereby surprising her questioner a little.

"I admire his writing immensely," said the latter. "His descriptions of scenery are inimitable, and he is never tedious; but—"

"Ah," interrupted the old lady, "that isn't what I mean. His books charm me because there is so much love-making in them. There is nothing so delightful to read about as love-making—of course I mean the English variety, not the French. Love is the one subject that interests us all. Some of us like to read about it because we know nothing of it at first hand; others because it brings back to us the happiest days of our lives. If any woman is bored by love scenes, so much the worse for her!"

"But there is some love-making in all novels," objected Vidal.

"I prefer the novels in which there is very little else," said the old lady.

The next person to whom the inquirer applied was a young married woman. Her reply to his first question was identical with that of her senior; but she was rather more concise and explicit in her reasons. "He understands us," she said; "he knows how we feel. Most of you don't."

After this, Vidal met with various responses, none of which helped him very much toward a conclusion. One lady rather maliciously gave her verdict in favor of Mr. So-and-so, "because his novels are always in such nice big print"; another declared for a writer of her own sex, "because she is so delightfully improper"; not one of them had the presence of mind to answer boldly "You." But perhaps that was partly because not one of them had been able to read his book.

When Vidal went away, he betook himself to the smoking-room of his club, and sitting down in a corner, tried to sift something serviceable out of the mass of advice and information which he had received during the day. The effort was not attended with much more success than such efforts generally meet with; for though teachableness is an excellent quality, it can do but little for its possessor in the absence of adequate teachers, and no one had taken the trouble to point out to Vidal exactly in what way he was to set about improving his style. The whole, when summed up, seemed to mean that if he wanted his books to sell, he must give them a little more of human interest, which, to be sure, he might have discovered without consulting such a number of persons. However, he had unconsciously made one valuable acquisition, in the shape of a considerable increase of humility, so that his investigations had not been quite so fruitless as he supposed.

That month of July remained long memorable to Vidal as having brought him the first persistent attack of low spirits with which he had been afflicted in his life. He employed the customary remedies in vain. Of balls, dinners, and other entertainments he had as many as he could desire, for if he had not succeeded in earning popularity as a writer, he had long since achieved it as an individual; but the relaxations of society only left him dull, dissatisfied, and weary of life. These alarming symptoms he naturally set down to grief at his separation from Clare Irvine, but what he was in reality suffering from was a loss of self-confidence. He was no longer able to write with ease; he was hampered by a constant dread of boring his readers, and he would have given up writing altogether for a time had he not felt that time was of so much importance. Once he went down to Brighton for a few days on a dutiful visit to his mother, who lived there, and returned more depressed than ever.

Mrs. Vidal, a well-preserved widow, whose tastes were more expensive than her means were large, had a standing grievance against her two children in that they had been left independent of her, and had thus deprived her of an income to which she considered herself to be entitled. Her son had never lived with her since he had attained his majority, and her daughter was in the habit of seeking solace for an adventurous spirit in distant travel; so that she would perhaps have had some right to esteem herself neglected by them had she not, as a fact, found her own society and that of her friends in Brighton a great deal more congenial than theirs. Adrian, who was of an affectionate nature, had been repelled in his earliest boyhood by her icy coldness, and now always treated her with the distant courtesy which she preferred.

"People tell me that you have written a clever novel," she said, on the afternoon of his arrival. "I seldom read novels, but I have made a point of ordering yours from the library. Have you made much money by it?"

"Not very much," Adrian confessed.

"No; I should not think that you would ever earn much money at anything," his mother observed, dispassionately. "And yet you must be in need of money, I suppose. If I were in your place I should think seriously of making a good marriage. No doubt you meet many rich people in London—City people, perhaps, with daughters. It is a pity not to take advantage of opportunities when they present themselves."

"I don't think I should care about going in for that sort of thing," said Adrian, in a tone which implied that he did not wish to discuss the question further.

"What sort of thing? Marriage in general?"

"No; only marriage as a financial speculation. Rather than come to that, I would—"

"Marry somebody's lady's-maid?" suggested Mrs. Vidal, who had never forgotten the unfortunate episode in her son's past life which has already been alluded to. "Well, there is no accounting for tastes, and you are not likely to be influenced by mine. I only hope you may find your literary earnings sufficient to support you and your wife when you decide upon taking one, as of course you will one of these days."

It may have been accident or it may have been the dawning of a suspicion that caused Mrs. Vidal to recur more than once during Adrian's visit to the topic of his possible marriage. "You will never be much better off than you are now," she said; "for the little that I have will be divided between you and Georgina, and even that little may not come to you for a considerable number of years. By far your best plan would be to marry money while you still have good looks and a certain vague reputation for talent. Heiresses, I suppose, expect some equivalent for their fortunes, and perhaps it would hardly be wise to count upon either of your special advantages increasing with age."

Such speeches as this did not tend to raise poor Vidal's drooping spirits. His mother's bland malignity would have affected him less at any other time, but just now it came upon him like the proverbial last straw. Neither she nor any one else seemed to have the smallest belief in his future; and the worst of it was that that future could never, in the nature of things, be anything but uncertain. Even supposing that his next novel should have the good fortune to please the world, would that bring him any nearer to the settled income which fathers-in-law usually make a *sine quâ non?*

He went back to London, and allowed despair to get the upper hand of him. By degrees he began to admit that Clare Irvine was not for him, for patient waiting was not among his capacities. Yet the more he became convinced that his dream must be abandoned, the more he longed to break his half promise to Heriot and run down to Polruth for a day or two. He dallied with this temptation until it assumed a definite shape. It would be so easy and so innocent to make Cornwall the scene of his summer holiday! He would scrupulously avoid lingering on the north coast; but from Falmouth or Penzance he might slip over to Polruth, put up at the village inn, and let nobody know that he was there. Only to see her would be enough. And if he did call once, utter a few commonplaces, and bid her a silent farewell, who could possibly be the worse for it? Heriot's objections were grounded upon a supposition which only the most outrageous vanity could accept, and Heriot himself could hardly have the cruelty to forbid one brief afternoon call.

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* Begun in HARPER'S WEEKLY No. 1463.

And while he was thus educating his conscience a letter reached him which silenced that troublesome inner voice in a most effectual and satisfactory manner. The moment that Vidal caught sight of the envelope on his breakfast table and noted its hurriedly scrawled address, he guessed who his correspondent must be; and when he tore it open and saw that it was dated "Cardrew, Polruth," he invoked a fervent blessing upon the head of Mrs. Irvine.

That impulsive lady wrote very much as she spoke.

"Dear Mr. Vidal,—I told you I would let you know about Mrs. Treweeke's lodgings, and you see I have not forgotten, although I have been very busy ever since our return, so many things requiring attention, and the boys being all at home, which always keeps one in a state of bustle, besides other matters which have worried me a good deal; but of course one must expect worries in this world.

"About Mrs. Treweeke. I was only waiting until we got Mr. Heriot down here—and now he has been with us three days, and is looking so much better that it is quite a pleasure—so I went at once to see her, and she says she is sure she can make you comfortable. Two sitting-rooms and bedroom, two guineas a week—more than she ought to ask, *I* think; still, one must not be hard upon them, poor souls, with such a short season, and all the trouble that there has been about the fishing this year, and I am sorry I said that to you about the wine, because I am certain she is as honest as the day, and her feelings might be hurt, so perhaps, after all, you had better not.

"Now do, pray, think of it. We should all be so very glad to see you again, and Mr. Irvine wishes me particularly to say how sorry he is that we have no spare room just now. Most lovely scenery and plenty of fishing and lawn tennis, and, of course, if you stay long enough, there will be the shooting. Please excuse haste, and with our kindest regards,

"Believe me, very sincerely yours,
"Elizabeth Irvine."

"I forgot to say about that Italian governess—don't *on any account* recommend her. She has turned out to be a most disreputable person, and the ten pounds that I lent her I never expect to see again. Such a mercy that nobody had engaged her before I discovered the truth!"

There was no holding out against that. Vidal did not even attempt to do so, but dispatched a grateful reply to Mrs. Irvine, and hurried off to buy a Bradshaw forthwith.

[TO BE CONTINUED.]

SNOWED UNDER.

The gorge of the Rio de las Animas, in Southwestern Colorado, is every winter the scene of gigantic snow-slides, which sometimes delay traffic on the Denver and Rio Grande Railroad for many days. The slide illustrated on page 52 was fifty-seven feet deep, and occurred last winter.

The heaviest snow-storms usually occur in January and February; and every winter claims its victims, especially among the miners. The cabins, with their helpless inmates, are often swept away down the mountain slopes by the tremendous avalanches, and the bodies of the unfortunate people are sometimes buried so deep in the snow that they are not recovered till the hot suns of July have melted the huge banks under which they lie. In many places these avalanches have broken broad paths through the forests on the sides of the steep gorges. Great caution is exercised by the miners in crossing the mountains immediately after a storm, or on a sunny day, as even a slight jar may precipitate hundreds of tons of snow upon them. Last winter nearly a hundred persons lost their lives in these avalanches in Colorado alone.

THE PEOPLE OF LANCASHIRE.

The dialect of Lancashire is a puzzle to everybody. The government inspector of schools for North and East Lancashire goes so far as to pronounce it vile, and considers it a hinderance to the teaching of good reading. The exponent of the Lancashire dialect, Mr. Ben Brierley, does not deny that it acts as a bar to the progress of refined reading; but when a Lancashire boy or girl consults the dictionary to ascertain the proper pronunciation of a word, and finds that it is seldom correctly given by even educated men, what, he asks, must be the feeling? "Not many years ago," he says, "I had the painful experience of listening to a young clergyman's rendering of 'Othello's Apology,' which he commenced after this fashion:

> 'Mowst powtent, gwave, and wevewend seignyaws,
> My vewy nowble and appwoved good mastaws,
> That I have tign aweigh this old man's daughtaw
> Is mowst twue; twue, I have mawied haw;
> The vewy hade and fwont of my offending
> Hath this extent, now maw.'

"I wonder," he asks, "what dialect had interfered with this young gentleman's education. I will be bound to say it was not the Lancashire. Such, however, may be the correct rendering of the English language according to the notion of some of our collegians; but if they have nothing better to offer in place of the method of reading taught by our 'rude forefathers,' we need not wonder at the vile dialect holding its own. Uneducated Lancashire people, as a rule, speak more grammatically than the same class of cockneys. Yet we do not hear of this being a bar to correct reading in London. To the question, 'Is this leap-year?' a Lancashire man's answer would not be, 'It ain't'; it would probably be, 'It is no.' If asked, 'Are these pigs yours?' he would not say, 'They ain't'; his answer would be, if in the negative, 'They're not.' If asked was he John Smith's son, and he was not, his reply would not be, 'I ain't,' but, more likely, 'I'm not.' How does the comparison favor the Londoner?

"In the manner of dealing with the letter H, the Lancashire man is rarely found tripping, unless he pretends to be learned, and then he falls foul of the unfortunate letter with as much misadventure as we find in the typical ''Arry.'"

Sometimes, however, the natives have as much difficulty in understanding ordinary English as strangers have in understanding the local dialect. There is a story told that at a volunteer inspection the inspecting officer, on walking down the ranks, was so struck by the appearance of one of the privates that he stopped and asked, "Who cut your hair?" The volunteer, in a tone of astonishment, replied, "Wurr?" "Who cut your hair?" repeated the inspecting officer. "Wurr?" was still the answer; and again the inspecting officer, in a tone of impatience, asked, "Don't you understand English, man?—who cut your hair?" Still the puzzled volunteer only replied with his "Wurr?" Not being able to make anything out of the man, the inspecting officer turned to the captain of the company, saying, "Do your men understand the English language? Here I have asked this man three times over who cut his hair, and the only answer I can get is 'Wurr!'" The captain could hardly keep his face straight while he asked, "Jemmy, who powd th' yure?" Jemmy, whose face at once brightened with a look of intelligence, was prompt in answering, "Eaur Nan," which was interpreted to the reviewing officer as "Our Nan," the man's wife, in whose tonsorial efforts Jemmy took such evident pride that the intended criticism on his roughly cut locks was completely disarmed. This, no doubt, is an extreme illustration of the ignorance of the people in rural districts; but however unclassical the dialect may seem to polished ears, even educated natives cling to it because of its heartiness, and the means it affords of transmitting thought and feeling which can not be freely and fully rendered by any other form of speech.

Imagine the surprise of the new vicar of the adjacent parish, fresh from Emmanuel College, Cambridge, in all the dignity of his shovel-hat and garments of a rigidly clerical orthodoxy, accustomed to an agricultural population that smoothes down its forelocks in deference to the vicar, but never dreams of bandying words with him. Imagine him losing his way in one of his distant parochial excursions, and inquiring, in a dainty south-country accent, from a lubberly boy weeding turnips in a field, "Pray, my boy, can you tell me the way to Bolton?" "Ay," replied the boy; "yo' mun go across yon bleachcroft, and into th' loan, an' yo'll get to Doffcocker, and then yo're i' th' highroad, and you can go straight on." "Thank you," said the vicar; "perhaps I can find it. And now, my boy, can you tell me what you do for a livelihood?" "I clean up the shippon, pills potatoes, or does oddin; an' if I may be so bou'd, win yo' tell me what yo' do?" persisted the boy. "I teach the way of salvation; I show you the way to heaven." "Nay, nay," said the lad; "dunnot yo' pretend to teach me th' road to heaven, and doesn't know the road to Bow'ton."

Many misconceptions prevail as to the character of the recreations of the Lancashire people. It is supposed in the south that kicking their wives and punching all who differ from them are the favorite recreations of the men. There are, no doubt, some grounds for this belief. "If tha doesna' shut up, I'll purr thee wi' my clogs," was the answer of an Oldham rough to a fellow-passenger who objected to smoking in a railway carriage; and but for the interference of another passenger the threat would have been carried out. No smoker, however well-bred, likes to be compelled to put out his pipe; and it would be a rather dangerous operation to eject a law-breaker in the person of a collier, especially if he had his bull-dog with him.

HONEST DOGS.

It is to be hoped that the animal scale of morality is not so low that when a brute acts honestly it does so only because honesty is the best policy. There are many instances known of animals acting honestly when the slightest promptings of instinct would have shown that it was more politic to act otherwise. Self-denial and self-sacrifice have been frequently needed of animals, and in the hour of temptation they have not succumbed. Neither fear, nor pain, nor the cravings of hunger have sufficed to deter many noble members of the brute world from their sense of duty. Quite recently the Canadian papers reported an anecdote of canine fidelity which, had it been told of a Roman soldier or a Hindoo nurse, would have been bruited throughout the civilized world as an instance of humanity's supremest devotion to duty. The story as told to us is that, when nearing Montreal, the engineer of a train saw a great dog standing on the track and barking furiously. The engineer blew his whistle; yet the hound did not budge, but crouching low, was struck by the locomotive and killed. Some pieces of white muslin on the engine attracted the engineer's notice; he stopped the train and went back. Beside the dead dog was a dead child, which, it is supposed, had wandered on the track and had gone to sleep. The poor watchful guardian had given its signal for the train to stop; but, unheeded, had died at its post, a victim to duty.

This is no solitary specimen of canine integrity. The author of *Salad for the Social* tells of a dog whose master deposited a bag in one of the narrow streets of Southampton, and left his dog to guard it, with strict injunctions not to leave it. The faithful creature was so stanch in the fulfillment of duty that rather than forsake its trust it actually allowed a heavy cart to drive over it and crush it to death.

It is not merely momentary impulse, nor ignorance of the effects of this steadfastness—as some may imagine—that prompts animals to act thus faithfully; there are numerous cases on record to prove that they will sustain hunger, endure pain and fatigue, and withstand temptation, at the dictates of duty, as gallantly as any human being. Youatt is the authority for the following remarkable instance of canine integrity. An officer returning from a day's shooting deposited his spoil in a certain room, in the custody of his dogs. Mechanically he locked the door, put the key in his pocket, and departed. Soon afterward he was called away upon urgent business, and during his absence of several days forgot all about his game and the dogs. When he returned home he hastened to the room, and there found both dogs dead of hunger. Not only had they refrained from touching the game, but they had also kept quiet, having neither barked nor cried, evidently fearing to betray the trust they deemed their master had confided to them.

It is related by Professor Bell that when a friend of his was travelling abroad he one morning took out his purse to see if it contained sufficient change for a day's jaunt he proposed making. He departed from his lodgings, leaving a trusted dog behind. When he dined he took out his purse to pay, and found that he had lost a gold coin from it. On returning home in the evening his servant informed him that the dog seemed to be very ill, as they could not induce it to eat anything. He went at once to look at his favorite, and as soon as he entered the room the faithful creature ran to him, deposited the missing gold coin at his feet, and then devoured the food placed for it with great eagerness. The truth was that this gentleman had dropped the coin in the morning; the dog had picked it up and kept it in his mouth, fearing even to eat, lest it should lose its master's property before an opportunity offered to restore it.

Professor Bell also tells of a Newfoundland dog kept at an inn in Dorset, which was accustomed, every morning as the clock struck eight, to take in its mouth a basket placed for the purpose, and containing some pence, and go with it to the baker's. The man took out the money, replacing it by a certain number of rolls, which Neptune returned home with. He never touched the eatables, but on one occasion, when another dog attempted to despoil the basket, Master Nep put down his burden and gave the intruder a thrashing; that accomplished, he regained his charge, and carried it home in triumph.

In his interesting *African Travels*, Le Vaillant details how he missed his favorite setter. After a fruitless search, and the repeated firing of his gun to guide the animal, he sent an attendant back by the way they had travelled to try and discover the lost favorite. About two leagues back on the route the dog was found keeping guard over a chair and basket which had been dropped unperceived from the wagon. But for this fortunate discovery of the honest dog, it must speedily have perished by hunger or from the beasts of prey.

In his *Essay on Instinct*, Hancock tells of a dog belonging to a Glasgow tap-room keeper that was accustomed to carry its master's breakfast to him in a tin can between its teeth. When the family removed, the dog changed his route, and never went wrong. It could not be induced to accept a favor when on its master's errands, and carefully avoided any of its own species. This incorruptible servant, which, by-the-way, understood Gaelic as well as English, often carried home meat to the weight of half a stone, but never attempted to touch it. Dogs, indeed, rarely attempt to touch food belonging to their owners. One very remarkable instance is recorded by Jesse of a dog that accompanied its mistress when returning from market with a basket of provisions. They were overwhelmed by a snow-storm, and not discovered for three days; the woman was found to be dead, but the dog, which was lying by her side, was alive. The honest creature, however, had not touched the eatables in his mistress's basket, but, as neighboring villagers remembered when too late, had been endeavoring, on the evening of the storm, by whinings and sighs they could not comprehend, to induce them to follow it to where its mistress was.

WAIFS AND STRAYS.

Two credible persons say that they were witnesses of the fall of an aerolite recently in the province of Quebec. They allege that it had a fiery train ten acres wide, and that it emitted such heat and brilliancy that their eyes were nearly burned out in looking at it. Hundreds of others saw the illumination that it afforded. There was a heavy snow-fall next day, and the strange body, if any of it is left, is not likely to be discovered until spring.

In the École de Médecine in Paris there are seventy-eight female students, of whom forty-six are Russians, fourteen French women, eleven English women, and seven Americans.

Busy preparation is making in India for representation in the London Exhibition of 1886. One of the features of the Indian contribution will be a set of life-sized models of typical native soldiers and officers. Heads and hands will be copied from life by a native modeller of Krishnagar. The artillery will be represented by a wax officer, gunner, and driver of a mountain battery; the cavalry by officers and men of the Viceroy's body-guard, lancers, and Bengal cavalry; and the infantry by Sikh, Pathan, Gorkha, Hindoo, and Mohammedan types from the Bengal army, and by specimens from the Madras and Bombay corps. The Central Indian Horse and seamen of the Indian navy will also be done in wax.

The quality of age is esteemed by Englishmen when it pertains to wine, brandy, cigars, or the aristocracy. People who are not Englishmen do not care for old cigars, and wonder at the reverential utterances of the novelist Black concerning Havana weeds which have become venerable. In China, according to the *Cornhill Magazine*, they go a step further, and do court to age in eggs. All eggs are put in pickle in China. After several years they become black throughout. The egg of wealth and luxury in the Flowery Kingdom is forty or fifty years old.

The talk is going all over London that port-wine is a cure for the gout. It was thought formerly that port had a good deal to do with the production of that disease. Port, however, has long been out of vogue, and as gout still goes on merrily, it is natural enough to think that there was some error in the ascription of a cause. Why the old alleged cause should now be prescribed as a cure is not so clear, unless it is felt that the wronged wine needs righting, and that those engaged in its production have been made to suffer long enough.

There is a belief that the woman who does not own a seal-skin sacque has an earnest desire to know what it is that is objectionable about that popular and costly article of raiment. A Philadelphia physician has found out. Seal-skin is not suited to this climate. It is too heavy, except for the very few really cold days which occur in the course of a winter. The ladies wear it on all sorts of days because it is so pretty, become overheated, throw the garment open, and catch cold.

The London *Spectator* says that the text of *Punch* is not funny, and takes off its hat to the American humorist. It says: "To acknowledge that Irish humor is on the wane is a serious admission at the present day, when we are suffering from an undoubted dearth of that commodity on this side of the Channel, when laughter has been effectually quenched at St. Stephen's, when our interest in the best comic paper is almost entirely centred in the illustrations and not in the text, and when we have grown to be strangely dependent upon America for light reading of all sorts."

Ordinarily the enterprise of stealing a pig is made hazardous by the great probability that the animal will squeal, but two Long Island thieves have met this difficulty in a manner at once simple, ingenious, and successful. They chloroformed the pig.

Communities, like individuals, get tired of always doing the same thing, and a number of persons in Connecticut have taken to growing bananas, which are said, when mingled with wooden nutmegs and clocks, to afford a most pleasing variety.

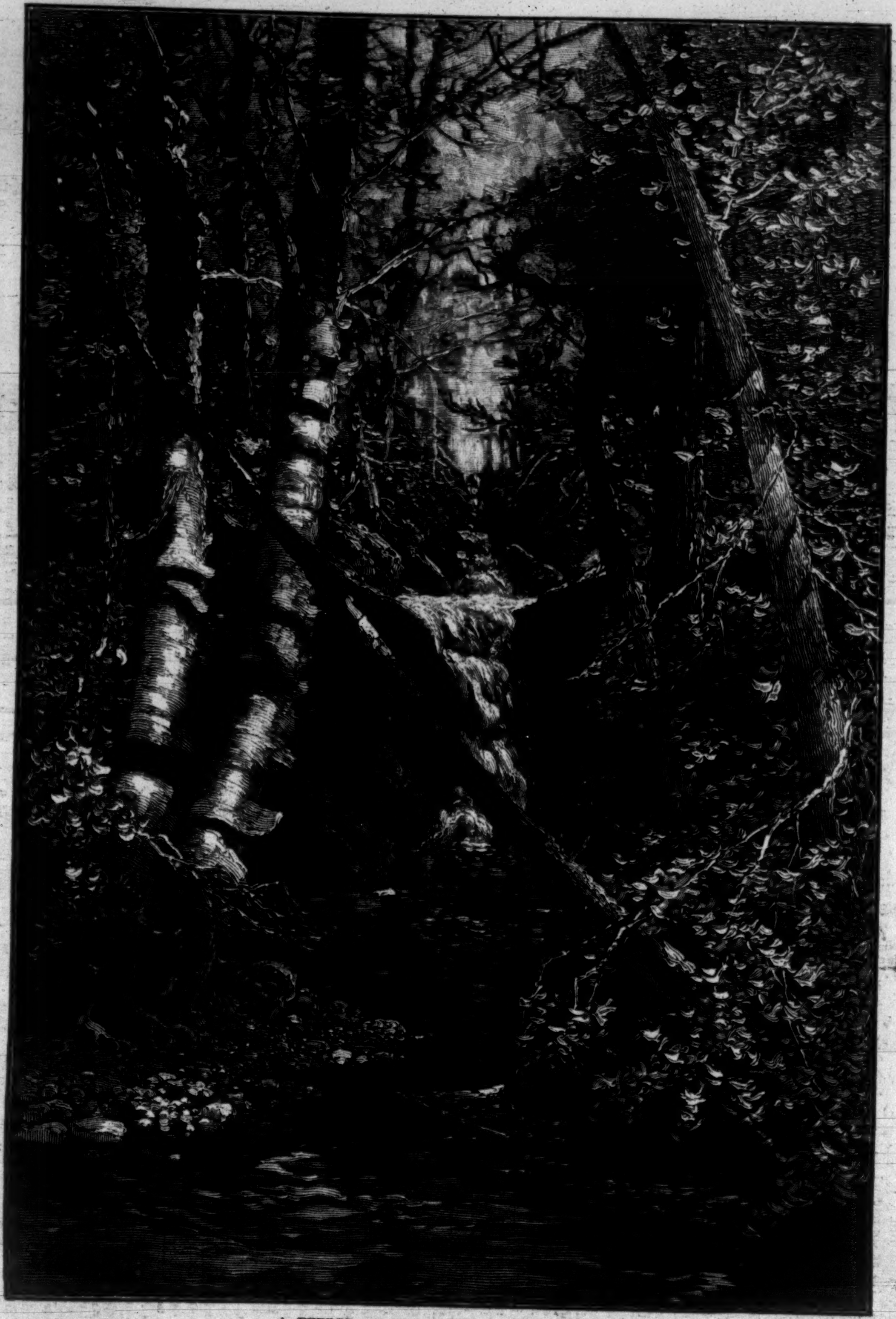
The largest and oldest tree in Europe is said to be a chestnut which stands at the foot of Mount Etna. There is a hole in the trunk large enough for two carriages abreast to drive through, and the whole trunk has a circumference of 212 feet, and is 92 feet in height.

A man in a Montana town who held the winning ticket in a raffle for a fawn was told that the fawn was out among the mountains sporting with its dam, and that all he had to do was to go and catch it. The manager of the raffle was a woman, and the man could not do anything.

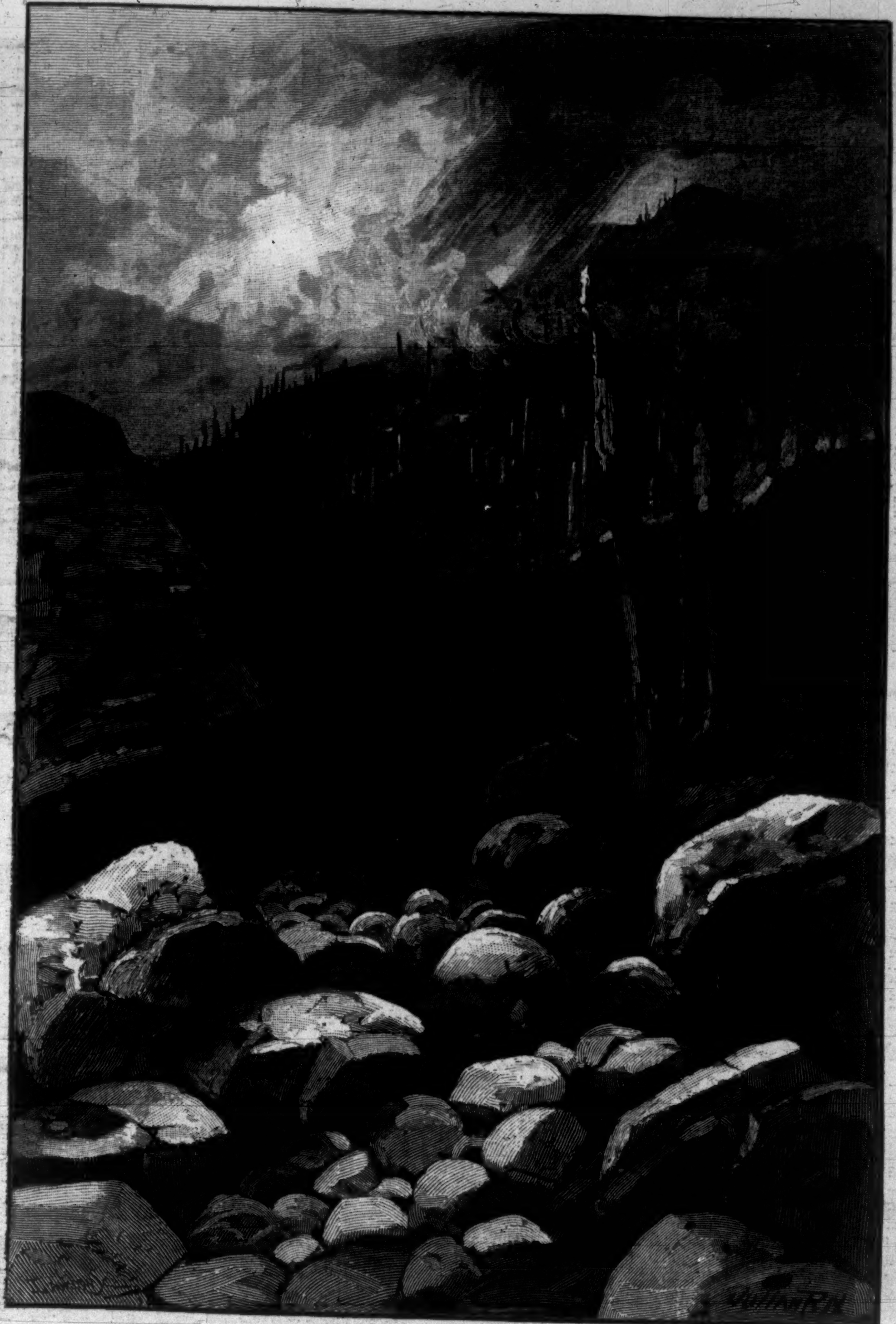
A fearless Sister in a house for crippled children, in Philadelphia, recently ran up against a tall burglar in the back parlor at night. She held up the light that she carried so as to illuminate his face, and made a little speech to him, which began: "The Chinese have a saying that to some men hearts have been given, and to some gizzards. You must be one who has a gizzard instead of a heart." And it is said that when she had got a little further the man was so ashamed that he pulled his slouch hat over his eyes, and jumped out of the window through which he had come.

Replicas of the bust of Longfellow, by Thomas Brock, A.R.A., now in Westminster Abbey, are shortly expected here by steamer, having been forwarded to the Maine Historical Society and to the authorities of Harvard University by Mr. Francis Bennoch in behalf of the contributors to the English Longfellow Memorial Fund. They are accompanied by letters of presentation signed by the Prince of Wales.

It is a cause of general congratulation that Rembrandt's noble painting, "The Gilder," has been bought by a New-Yorker. No work of that artist is in so beautiful a state of preservation; even the brush marks are clearly discernible through the glass that has so long protected the famous canvas. The owner was a son of the Duc de Morny, who was prominent during the Third Empire. The price paid is said to have been $45,000, which, with the duty of thirty per cent., will bring the total cost up to $58,500. Only one oil-painting was ever brought to this country at a greater cost, namely, the "1807" of Meissonier, for which the late Mr. A. T. Stewart gave $60,000. This superb old master will be best appreciated by the best artists, and by none of them so warmly as by the rising school, to whom Rembrandt means more than to most painters.

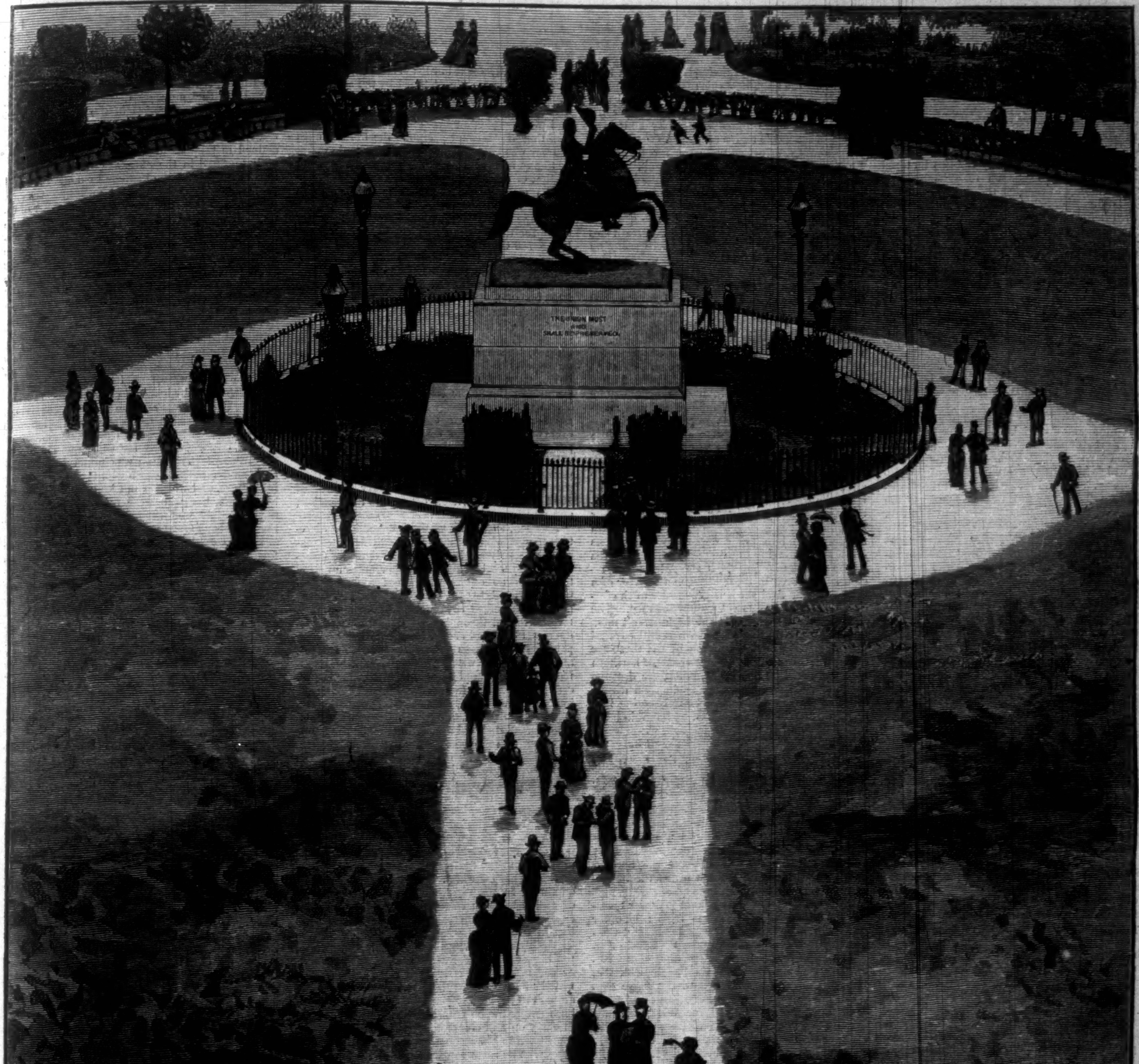


A FEEDER OF THE HUDSON—AS IT WAS.



A FEEDER OF THE HUDSON—AS IT IS.

FOREST DESTRUCTION IN THE ADIRONDACKS—THE EFFECTS OF LOGGING AND BURNING TIMBER.—Drawn by Julian Rix.—[See Page 58.]


THE UNION MUST
AND
SHALL BE PRESERVED.

JACKSON SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS.—Drawn by W. P. Snyder.—[See Page 62.]

FOREST DESTRUCTION.

By PROFESSOR C. S. SARGENT.

The destruction of the noble forests which once spread far and wide over the North American continent seems to have at last roused the attention which the importance of this matter deserves. The United States was once unsurpassed in the extent, variety, and richness of its forests. They presented the chief obstacle which the early settlers upon our shores had to encounter in their struggles to gain an agricultural foothold in the New World. War against the forests has been waged in this country for two hundred years, and the Anglo-Saxon race has clearly shown its ability to conquer these sylvan holders of the land. Everywhere the finest forests have perished before the axe of the lumberman, or the still more active and destructive influences of the fires of the agricultural settlers. The original forest growth has already entirely disappeared from many parts of the country; in others, scanty remnants of the primeval woods seem to mark the progress of destruction. Such forests as remain occupy remote and inaccessible mountain regions, far from settlements, poor in composition and quality, and unproductive in comparison with the forests which have already disappeared. The relations of forests to the human race are twofold. Their commercial importance is great. They supply valuable material necessary to the development of modern civilization. They furnish cheap and valuable fuel, and the cheapest and best building material. The remarkable material growth of the United States is due in no small measure to the abundance of forest supplies, which have been available for building up the country. Cheap lumber cut about the shores of the great lakes has given cheap homes to the agricultural settlers upon the Western prairies. This region, the great wheat fields of the continent, could never have been developed without cheap and abundant lumber. The aggregate annual output of the forests of the country is enormous in bulk and enormous in the almost fabulous money value which it represents. The annual forest crop exceeds in value any other crop produced in the United States. Wood is the commercial king. Cotton or wheat, corn, or coal, or iron, come far behind it in money value. The harvesting and handling this crop give employment to an army of men; great lines of transportation depend upon the forests for their traffic, and great cities have sprung into existence about the centres of lumber manufacturing and distribution.

The destruction of the productive capacity of the forests of this country will be an immense and almost irreparable misfortune, which must have a serious and lasting influence upon the future growth and development of the nation. This, however, is not the chief evil to be dreaded in excessive forest destruction. When the lumber which nature has slowly produced and carefully stored up in our forests has been destroyed—and at the present rate of consumption the day is dangerously near when certain kinds of lumber of high grades can no longer be found in this country—it will still be possible to meet the demand with lumber raised slowly and expensively by the hand of man. It requires a hundred and fifty years for a white pine forest to reach maturity. The California redwoods have often passed more than five centuries in reaching their vast proportions. It is a slow process, even under the most favorable conditions, to rear an artificial forest; and many years will in all probability elapse between the time when our native forests are exhausted and that remote and uncertain period when the artificial forests, which, although not yet planned or planted, will doubtless replace them. The time will come when lumber will be scarce in this country, and when the price will seem even more fabulous to persons looking back to the prices of to-day than do to-day's prices to persons who remember the quotations of the lumber market of a quarter of a century ago. In the long-run, however, we can trust to the workings of the law of supply and demand, and feel reasonably confident that if the demand for lumber exists, lumber will be produced, sooner or later, at some price or other.

The production of lumber is, however, the least important function of the forest in its relations to man.

Forests exert a powerful influence upon the distribution of the water which falls upon the surface of the earth. They check rapid evaporation, and regulate and control the flow of rivers. They prevent soil from washing down from the steep slopes of mountains, and offer the best barriers against destructive winds and sudden and extreme changes of temperature. As reservoirs of moisture, forests are essential, and their value in storing water for the supply of rivers can not be overestimated.

Forests, when they exist in mountainous regions about the sources of streams, must be carefully guarded from destruction, or serious and permanent injury will be inflicted upon all the territory watered by such streams. Such mountainous regions are generally unfit for tillage. They are capable of producing forests, and nothing else. A wise and comprehensive public policy would maintain, therefore, a forest growth in all such regions, both because such a growth is necessary for the public welfare in its influence upon the flow of rivers, and because sylviculture is the only profitable employment for such land.

There exists within the State of New York, about the head-waters of the Hudson, the Mohawk, and the numerous streams which flow north into the St. Lawrence, a region of this character. It contains within its limits the group of Adirondack Mountains, the highest land in the State. This great region, which practically extends from the shores of Lake Champlain to the valley of the Black River, and from the Mohawk to the fertile St. Lawrence plain, is covered with a poor, cold, and inhospitable soil. Unfit for agriculture, this region is only valuable in the forests which protect its steep and rocky slopes. These were once extensive and important. First the lumbermen, and then the fires of the settlers who have made and are still making vain efforts to obtain a foothold along the borders of this region, have already greatly wasted these forests. The natural poverty of the soil, the presence of rock near the surface, and the broken topography and steep slopes of the whole region render the effects of fire particularly destructive upon the forest growth. Fires run easily and rapidly, and the soil, stripped of the protecting influence of a vegetable covering, is soon either entirely consumed or washed away into the streams.

We produce upon another page two sketches which illustrate the effect of the excessive forest destruction which is now everywhere going on about the borders of the Adirondack woods. The first of these illustrations depicts a mountain stream—one of the feeders of the Hudson River—bordered by the primeval forest. Its water-shed is still covered with a growth of trees, spreading over a dense undergrowth and a deep and porous coating of vegetable deposit, always saturated with moisture, even during periods of protracted drought, and furnishing to the stream a constant and abundant flow of water. The second illustration represents the water-shed of the same stream devastated by fire, and reduced to the condition of a desert. The water has entirely disappeared from the bed of the stream, which is being gradually choked by soil and other débris washed down from the neighboring hills.

Hundreds of streams in northern New York are already reduced to this condition. The effect upon the water supply of the great rivers is already apparent and alarming. Their summer flow has already been greatly affected. Not more than two-thirds, and in many cases not one-half, as much water now flows during the summer months in the streams issuing from the Adirondack region as was seen in those streams a quarter of a century ago. And yet it is the border of the forest alone which has as yet greatly suffered. The interior is still intact, and the highest and most important land in this connection is still covered with its dense protection of woods. If these are destroyed, the effect upon the streams of northern New York will be disastrous, and their destruction under existing conditions is simply a matter of time. Fires are slowly and surely eating into these forests in all directions, and nothing but wise and comprehensive legislation, based upon a general and wide-spread knowledge of the value and importance of forests to the public welfare, can save them.

A Commission appointed by the Comptroller of the State, under authority of the last Legislature, has been engaged during the past season in preparing a scheme for the preservation of the forests of New York. Their report will soon be made public. It should receive, as Governor Hill has pointed out in his Message to the Legislature, the careful consideration which the importance of this subject deserves.

If the State of New York is able to devise methods for preserving her forests from ruin, other States will gladly follow her example, and Congress will perhaps consent to devote a little consideration to preserving some portion of the forests situated upon the public domain, which, in spite of the fact that they guard the water supply of the great rivers of the continent and make navigation possible in the far West, are now shamelessly allowed to perish without benefit to the present generation or regard for the greater needs of generations of Americans yet unborn.

OUR CURRENCY FOR THE LAST TWENTY-FIVE YEARS.

III.

CONTRACTION OF THE GREENBACKS.—THE KITE-FLYING PERIOD.—THE CRISIS OF 1873.

During the war it was universally understood and admitted that the country was pursuing a very risky system of finance, and that, as soon as the war was over, it must get back to a sound basis as quickly as possible. As the war went on it was found that the greenback system could not be abandoned, having once been begun. It blocked the way to any better system of finance. It undoubtedly added hundreds of millions to the debt. If the war had continued another year, the system would probably have collapsed. No one then deceived himself as to the character or effect of the legal tender note, and before 1868 there was none of the sentimental feeling about the greenback which was afterward professed. The note, of course, was only an evidence of debt. The government needed supplies for the army. It could tax the people, and they, being powerful producers, could pay, but it would take time to get in the revenue. In the mean time the government needed flour, shoes, hay, etc., etc. The Treasury gave to a man who had a barrel of flour a ten-dollar greenback. It was a promise to raise by taxes ten dollars and pay for the flour. The flour-dealer could not wait. He wanted shoes. He assigned his claim on the government to the shoe-dealer by delivering the greenback. So long, therefore, as a greenback is to be found in circulation, it means that the government has not yet raised the taxes, or, if it has raised them, has not used them to replace the capital used up in the war. Whenever the ten dollars is paid, the promissory note of the United States will disappear in the Treasury, and it has no prouder or happier destiny than to be burned up, just like the note of John Smith when it is paid.

The capital which was used up in the war was sunk and lost. Flour was consumed by men who were killing laborers and destroying capital, not producing wealth. Horses were employed in drawing cannon, not ploughs. Powder was used to kill and destroy, not to open through the mountains highways for commerce. The economic effect was entirely independent of the political effect. The generation which fought the war did not pay for it. They passed the expense of it down to posterity, and left the burden in bad shape. There were some people who, deluded by the activity of producing military supplies, and by the effects of depreciation, thought that we could make war and prosper too, but the sober sense of the time was that if we could postpone the burden until the war was over, the first thing then to do would be to pay, and the first payment to be made would be that of the floating greenback debt.

The consequence was that in 1866–7 there was a general co-operation in the steps necessary to get the industry and commerce of the country ready for the inevitable return to specie values. In 1867–8 Congress ordered a withdrawal of the greenbacks, and $44,000,000 of them were withdrawn. The issue of them had been limited at $400,000,000. They were now reduced to $356,000,000. It is not to be denied that this process was difficult and painful, especially at the beginning. Contracts had already been made at the inflated valuations, and a debtor interest had been created, not amongst financiers and leaders of industry who understood the status of the country, but amongst the mass of the people. In the spring Congress ordered the contraction to be stopped. There were some now who had got used to the greenbacks, who saw that they would "pass" everywhere, and who came to regard them as property, wealth, capital, things of substantial value. It was said that the country was prosperous, and it was asked why distress should be purposely invoked. The "temporary device" of 1862 had therefore itself become an independent and positive evil.

As soon, therefore, as the contraction and return to specie payments was abandoned, the community eagerly set its face in the opposite direction. The total amount of paper currency (and there was no other) was about $700,000,000. Gold averaged, for the year 1868, 139. The paper was therefore redundant. This paper must be distributed through all the channels of production, trade, and credit, for the government expenditures had been reduced to a peace footing, and if the paper was not to be withdrawn, its effect must be completely distributed. This process lasted five years. The redundant currency inflated bank loans, encouraged speculative industrial enterprises, multiplied the profits of middle-men, inflated real estate, and floated the bonds of cities, railroad companies, and other borrowers. The enterprise of the people of the United States is very great. The industrial projects which are undertaken require new supplies of capital from time to time, perhaps over a considerable period, to carry them through to success. The great mischief of the multiplication of credit instruments which are not redeemable in specie is that they cut loose from capital. They leave the projectors in the dark as to the supply of capital or the terms on which it may be obtained now and in the future. They encourage the beginnings of enterprise by a false appearance of abundant capital. No legerdemain of finance ever defeats the laws of value or the facts of capital. These inevitably make themselves felt at last. If we put bigger figures for a given amount of capital, or use more tickets stamped "one dollar" with which to transfer it, that does not increase the amount of capital. By-and-by two men who have both entered upon enterprises need more capital to carry on and complete what they have begun. They have to bid against each other for a limited supply. The rates rapidly advance for loans, and prices advance for the real capital which is employed. Of course this movement must come to a crisis and collapse.

In the "kite-flying period" from 1868 to 1873 this was all perfectly illustrated. The sequence and connection of the phenomena are so clearly established that it was possible to predict the crisis with great definiteness. The increase of prices extended to staple articles, materials of industry, tools and machinery, real estate and railroads, in concentric and enlarging rings. These movements must go on under any inflated and irredeemable currency, and they would absorb any amount of currency which might exist. Before they have run their course the industrial and trading community is entangled in an immense web of debts and contracts, so that few can tell where they stand; all view their fortunes in the figures of fictitious inventories, or in the differences between assets and liabilities, which differences may shrink out of sight in a day, and all rely for solvency on the fulfillment of promises by thousands who are all stricken with the same disaster at the same time.

There is always an especial demand for currency in this country in the harvest months, when the new crop is marketed. Under normal and healthy conditions of the currency this demand has no importance at all. It is met by simple and natural adjustments, under the laws of finance, which scarcely attract more than a passing notice. In the years from 1868 to 1873, however, when, as we have just seen, the arbitrary currency of the period was being absorbed by the expansion of prices and credit, this demand for the crops came in every successive year as a more and more important disturbing element. The crops had always been moved by the financial institutions of the country without the help of the Treasury. Now a louder and louder demand was made on the Secretary every year to help move the crops. The forty-four millions of greenbacks which had been withdrawn in 1867–8 had not been cancelled. They lay in the Treasury. There were some who claimed that these notes formed a reserve in the control of the Secretary, which he could issue when the "wants of trade" called for it. The Secretaries of the period acceded to this view, and acted upon it. They thus assumed a power and responsibility which were dangerous in the extreme.

The last development which this period produced was the construction of railroads by the sale of bonds, which were floated upon the market by the existing financial circumstances. However, it became more and more difficult to carry on this operation. People who stood at early stages of the movement, which has been described as a distribution of the redundant currency through all the channels of industry and trade, found that large amounts of currency remained in their hands as profits. This they eagerly invested in the purchase of bonds. Next, those at a later stage in their turn obtained less profits, but invested them likewise, and so on throughout the system, until prices and rates of interest had been so raised throughout the whole market that profits could no longer be made unless a new supply of currency and a new advance in prices could repeat the movement. Jay Cooke & Co. failed through trying to advance capital to the Northern Pacific Railroad on its bonds, for which they could no longer find purchasers in the market.

The crisis of 1873 was not attended by any well-marked element of *panic*, at least out of New York city. In that city the Stock Exchange was closed, greenback payments were suspended, and the banks were forced to combine and sustain each other by loans of clearing-house certificates. The Secretary of the Treasury purchased bonds in the market as a measure of relief, and was consequently forced to use $26,000,000 of the forty-four millions for the expenses of the government. This step was taken to meet the anxious demands of those who found themselves in distress, and who did not know how this could help them, but who were ready to put hope in anything. It was entirely useless. It carried the greenback issue up to $382,000,000.

By this crisis the country was brought face to face with an alternative. If it was to go on as it had been going on for five years, it must have a new dose of stimulant, provided that anybody could devise any means of getting a new issue of currency into circulation. If it did not get such a stimulant, it must liquidate all outstanding contracts, and find out what was false and what was true in the current estimates of value.

W. G. Sumner.

OUNCES OF PREVENTION.

WORRYING.

This is one of the commonest, and one of the most serious, ailments of modern life. It is an ailment that may be prevented; it is a difficult thing to cure when the habit is formed. A bad case of worrying, indeed, is seldom cured. The worst cases occur among women.

The habit of worrying may begin at any age, but it is more commonly begun when early youth is passed, and the serious business of life is undertaken—how often by those who are entirely unfit for even ordinary domestic responsibilities! In those who are predisposed to the complaint no special trials or troubles are needed to bring it on. Little trials, fancied troubles, are quite sufficient. In this country it is especially frequent among women who are engaged in that life-long pitched battle which in America is called "housekeeping." But it is frequent, too, among our business men; and for a still more serious reason; namely, that nine out of ten of them fail in business sooner or later.

The following is a frequent form of the disease of worry. Persons who suffer from it are gloomy and absent-minded; in Dr. J. L. Corning's good description of the symptoms, they are "tormented by the intrusion of ideas totally foreign to the particular subject in hand. When the responsibilities of the day are over, they carry their responsibilities to bed with them. The small hours of the morning find such individuals speculating upon the *pros* and *cons* of the past and future with an intensity which often drives them to desperation. The small ills of life assume alpine proportions; the most trivial circumstances are distorted and magnified a thousandfold." This species of self-torture "renders man [and especially woman], not the possessor of thought, but its wretched victim."

It is hardly necessary for me to say that this self-torture does not stop with the victim. It grows into set ill temper, and then it breaks up the peace of families, and often disrupts the family itself, not infrequently by the insanity of the self-torturing victim.

How may one prevent forming the habit of worry which develops into this dreadful disease?

I know a happy girl of fifteen from whom the dancing brightness of childhood has not yet passed away. She is still young enough to be happy, and yet she is wise enough to know her happiness, and to fear that it will soon pass away. She looks at the sad faces of her elders, and she asks herself, Must I become sad like them? Would that I could keep my girlhood! Would that I need never enter the land of melancholy in which they live!

This is the advice that I gave to this young girl, and it is advice that grayer heads than mine have given, and that has been followed successfully from youth to age in more than one case that I could name. "Your happiness partly depends upon your will. Resolve that little things shall not make you unhappy. Resist the minor cares and vexations, at least, of life. Real troubles will come; you must meet them as best your philosophy may tell you. But do not be overthrown by unreal troubles; do not magnify the real ones. Determine that you will not waste your nerves, your health, your life, in worrying."

Now this is not visionary advice. The young at least can form such a resolution, and keep it. One should bear in mind that the chronic disease of worrying begins with the little troubles. These one may resist. Unresisted, no mental disease fixes itself more surely. And when once the habit of self-torment is fixed, it is very hard to break it. Like inebriety, when it passes a certain point the sufferer himself can no longer cure it; the disease passes beyond the restraining power of the will.

Up to that point the habit of self-torment may sometimes be cured from within, from the spiritual side. A serious religious "experience" may accomplish this. A person of impressive and exalted character may sometimes accomplish this: he may bring about the cure in another by advising, rebuking, and strengthening such a sufferer, so as to expel the almost demoniac possession. Such, when they have been more or less permanent, have been the so-called "faith cures" of all times.

There is a type of character "so exalted that it will be able to impart to the soul of a suffering fellow-creature so much faith, hope, and new spiritual life that his infirmities vanish either wholly or for a time." (H. S. Constable.) In Charles Kingsley's life there is a story of a madman who declared that the devil had got hold of him, and would not let him sleep. "The surgeon," says Kingsley, "came to me and said, 'As I can not cure the man's mind by making his liver act, you must make his liver act by curing his mind.' So I went to the patient and agreed with him fully that the devil *was* in him. 'And I will tell you,' I said, 'why he is. It is because you have been a scoundrel. But if you will lead a new and honest life, you may snap your fingers at the devil.'" The "devil" left him presently, and the man was cured. So resolution may expel the devil of worry even after the nerves are more or less broken.

But there comes a time, as I have said, in all bad cases of worry, when the disease gets rooted beyond the power of any intellectual or ethical appeal. Sleep and digestion are impaired, and the brain and nerves suffer injury; the most violent nervous symptoms come on. What physician is not familiar with these distressing cases, in which persons who have never had any sharp or serious trial in their whole lives have actually tormented themselves into madness? These become strictly medical cases. For them it is now too late to appeal to reason or to religion. They are curable or incurable according to their strength of constitution, and to the progess which the nervous derangement has made. Many women pass the greater part of their active life in this miserable state of so-called "nervousness," emerging from it partially at the climacteric period. For thirty years or more they have destroyed their own peace and that of their families; they have thrown away the happiness of their lives; and yet the greater part of these miserable sufferers might have lived cheerfully instead of miserably, if from the first they had made a strong resolve to put down under their feet the minor trials, the every-day worries, of their life, to watch and control their "nerves," to make a faithful effort to be happy. It can be done. It is the most important thing a still unworried spirit can resolve to do.

TITUS MUNSON COAN.

TECHNICAL ART EDUCATION.

In this country at the present moment the subject of technical education is very widely and earnestly discussed. Employers are beginning to feel that the supply of trained workmen will not remain inexhaustible if nothing is done to replenish it. Parents are beginning to feel that their sons might do better than become book-keepers or clerks, briefless barristers, superfluous clergymen, or unemployed physicians. Young men are beginning to feel that the generous wages earned by skilled foreigners would be as pleasant to receive as the meagre "salaries" paid by shop-keepers, or the meagre incomes received by the great majority of "professional men." The press throughout the country has been handling the matter, especially with reference to the crowded ranks of the shabby genteel.

"Bright, able-bodied young men," says one of our contemporaries, "toil away at a book-keeper's desk, or bleach in the gloomy recesses of dry-goods stores, at pay which mocks soul and body, when, if their brains and hands had been made acquainted with a good trade—just as honorable, and socially as respectable—they would have enough to make life fairly worth living."

"Throughout the length and breadth of the land," exclaims another contemporary, "there is a cry for such an addition to the education of youth as shall fit them for some other business than standing behind counters and sitting at desks." And when Mr. William Mather, who visited this country as the representative of the Royal Commission appointed by the English government to report upon technical education, delivered an address in Boston, his audience was graced by the presence of the leading educators, economists, and thinkers of the State of Massachusetts.

In this city we have the Industrial Art Schools of the Metropolitan Museum of Art, the St. John's School, on Thirty-second Street, the Free Drawing Schools of the General Society of Mechanics and Tradesmen, on Sixteenth Street, the school of Messrs. R. Hoe & Co., and similar institutions, which have responded to the demand of the hour for more practical education, giving lessons in mechanical drawing, design, and the use of tools; while Mr. Richard T. Auchmuty has established the New York Trade Schools, where boys learn the trades of plumbing, brick-laying, fresco-painting, stone-cutting, plastering, scroll-sawing, turning, and pattern-making for moulders and machinists. For older and more advanced pupils the Columbia School of Mines, the Sheffield Scientific School, the Princeton School of Science, the Sibley College of the Mechanic Arts at Cornell University, and the Stevens Institute of Engineering are doing in technical education what the leading colleges do in classical education.

To what extent, if any, our public schools should change their course of study, and undertake the business of technical education, is, in some quarters, a much-mooted question. One of the trades has issued a circular to "Officials and Official Bodies in the United States having the Supervision of Public Education," expressing its sense of the high importance of re-enforcing "the ranks of the mechanics by a system of public-school education which shall earlier fit boys to enter into trades, and with some assurance that their preparatory studies are likely to assist in making them intelligent and skilled workmen." The circular explains that very few of the pupils of the technical schools, although they may have attended the public schools, have had any instruction in free-hand drawing and geometry. "We are well aware that these studies are included in the ordinary school course of the cities and towns, but we beg leave to call your attention to the fact that boys intending to learn trades leave school earlier than those intending to follow the professions and other pursuits, and usually before reaching that part of the school course in which free-hand drawing and geometry are taught. They are thus deprived of the very studies which they especially need to make them skilled and intelligent mechanics." Other critics of our public schools go much farther. They desire that the course of instruction should give the boys and girls a practical knowledge of the industrial arts; should acquaint them with principles of construction, modelling in clay and in wood, work in metals, and the use of tools; and not a few of the public schools in this country are actually trying the experiment of introducing into the usual curriculum a technical course of this sort. The obvious objections to such a change are that reading, writing, and arithmetic must be taught, whatever else is neglected; that it is impracticable for the public schools to teach the principles and practice of all the trades; that children from five to fifteen years of age do not usually know to what pursuit they are best adapted; that some of the children at least may naturally be expected to become members of the liberal professions; and that the purpose of an education is to secure mental discipline not less than to acquire useful knowledge.

Another complaint of the public schools comes from an esteemed correspondent of this journal. It is not, he says, that the studies pursued in the schools are unnecessary; it is not that the schools omit to furnish their pupils with industrial training. "It is the way in which they talk to the boys, teaching them to think of themselves as future Presidents of the United States. The boys are victims of false ideals of life. They want to upset things; they do not have a resolute purpose to fit themselves thoroughly for their work; they do not intend to devote themselves for life to the trades they attempt to learn after leaving school; they do not care to become expert masters of their trades; they are dreaming of something else which they think is worthier than the work and the life of a skilled mechanic." For this state of things he blames the public schools. "Think of the stress laid upon oratorical exercises. Take up any reading-book in use there, and see what its indirect teaching is with respect to the comparative worthiness of life's employments. Who are the models held up for imitation? Are they not statesmen, lawyers, orators—everybody but earnest, conscientious hand-workers? And when, as in the case of Franklin, the model happens to have been a hand-workman, is not the pupil taught, indirectly, but none the less forcibly, that the man is worthy of consideration in spite of the fact that he was a handicraftsman rather than because of that fact? Is not Franklin pointed out as a shining example of the way in which a worker with the hands may rise *above* his trade, and enter *higher* walks of life? And is not all this false and pernicious? The great majority of the boys in our schools," he continues, "must become skilled or unskilled workmen, whether they wish it or not, and it is worse than merely harmful—it is cruel and destructive—so to pervert their ideas of life that they shall regard their positions as inferior ones, and themselves as the victims of adverse circumstances, because they must work with their hands. So far as the schools do this, directly or indirectly, and for whatever mistaken purpose, they fail in their proper function and defeat the accomplishment of precisely the end for which they exist. We maintain these schools at public cost to make better, not worse, citizens of the boys who attend them. Their function is to fit children for life, not to unfit them; to prepare them for the due and efficient performance of their several parts, not to make them discontented with their destinies."

But in this free and glorious country of ours a boy's destiny may be almost anything he chooses to make it. His horizon lies farther from him than in Europe. The possibility of his reaching a much higher social, political, or financial plane than that occupied by his parents does really and very often exist. He may in very truth become the President of the United States. The stimulus to his ambition is accordingly great. A tailor and a rail-splitter have actually been made the head of the nation, and this fact is not likely to be concealed from him. He will hear of it at his home, at his church, at his father's shop, if he does not learn it at the public school. He will read it in the daily papers, in the weekly papers, in the literature of the times. He will breathe the spirit of it in every breath he draws. And it has usually been supposed to be to the credit of the nation that he can do so. We do not see that the public schools are either solely, largely, or especially responsible for the existence in the American boy of an ambition to become something more than an artisan.

Nevertheless, this ambition undoubtedly is an obstacle to the success of any scheme of technical education in this country.

There is another obstacle, which will appear from a brief statement of the experience of the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum of Art in establishing their Industrial Art Schools. The aim of these schools is to provide thorough technical instruction in designing, modelling, carving, and free-hand, architectural, instrumental, and perspective drawing, and to furnish an acquaintance with the theory and the practice of the arts taught. The method proposed for accomplishing this end is that the various trades—the metal-workers, the carvers, the cabinet-makers, the carpet-manufacturers—all, in a word, who use art—shall each appoint a competent instructor to give lessons at the schools, the trustees of the Museum exercising a supervision, and providing suitable models and other apparatus; for the principal intention of the founders of the Museum itself was that it should be a place for study, rather than for the gratification of idle curiosity. Its purpose was not that of the Bowery Dime Museum, or of Barnum's Museum, but that of the South Kensington and British museums.

Now while in France the trades have supplied technical schools for many years, in New York the only trade that hitherto has co-operated with the trustees of the Metropolitan Museum in conducting their Industrial Art Schools is the Carriage-builders' National Association. But the trustees earnestly and cordially invite the trades to co-operate with them. Their Industrial Art Schools are for the benefit of the trades, and if the trades shall be hostile or indifferent to them, the schools will cease to exist. When the trades remember that in order successfully to compete in the markets of the world with the manufacturers of other countries the demand for skillful and intelligent workmen is yearly becoming greater; that at present they are dependent in great measure upon artisans educated in Europe; that the number of such artisans seeking our shores is lessening every year, and in many industrial pursuits calling for the highest skill has ceased altogether; and that there is no well-established system of apprenticeship in this country—the opportunity offered by the Industrial Art Schools of the Metropolitan Museum for the systematic training of workmen will doubtless commend itself. But up to the present time the principal obstacle encountered in the progress of these schools is the indifference of the trades themselves, with the single exception of the Association of Carriage-builders; the silversmiths, for example, seeming to hold the views of Messrs. Tiffany & Co., that there are firms which can not produce good designs of their own, and would like to steal from those firms who can produce them. "Accordingly," say the Messrs. Tiffany, "we will educate our workmen in our own shops, and will not co-operate with the Museum schools."

But a third obstacle, and the most serious of all, is undoubtedly what may be apprehended, not from the trades, that is to say, the employers, but from the trades-unions, that is to say, the employed. It is a fact well known to many poor boys in this country that in most trades an apprenticeship can be obtained only with the greatest difficulty. The rules of the trades-unions on this matter are very strict, and but a certain number of apprentices are allowed in proportion to the number of journeymen employed. At the same time, owing to the amount of mere drudgery usually required of an apprentice, he is very slow in learning a trade. Mr. Auchmuty's excellent Trade Schools at First Avenue and Sixty-seventh Street have already suffered from the opposition of the trades-unions, which in some instances have announced their unwillingness that his graduates should work in the same shops with their members, and several of those graduates have been forced to associate with non-union men because the union men would not tolerate their presence. The trades-unions also do everything in their power to prevent a mechanic from changing his trade, and adopting another more congenial to him. To what extent, if any, they would interfere with the successful operation of the Industrial Art Schools of the Metropolitan Museum is, of course, a matter of conjecture.

PLANTS IN BEDROOMS.

The controversy as to keeping live plants in a room at night continues to be carried on in London with vigor and acrimony, although most people have probably supposed that it was long since set at rest. Not so very many years ago the danger of keeping such things in a bedroom was a good deal pooh-poohed by practical persons, who regarded the stories told in that connection as old women's tales, belonging to the same category as the myth about sleeping under the moon, or taking a siesta under a yew-tree. But then there were published terrible accounts of fair dames who, despising the warning in question, and depositing bouquets or flower-pots in their rooms at night, had met with a fate almost as tragic as that recorded in the doleful ballad of "The Mistletoe Bough." Thereupon the scientific world, with the whole crew of unlearned folk at its heels, rushed to the opposite conclusion, and adopted a theory that illness, and even death, might result from sleeping in an apartment which was adorned with living plants or fresh cuttings.

And now it turns out that in going as far as this we have gone a good deal too far. At a medical conference recently held in France it was demonstrated to the satisfaction of all the *savants* there present that plants, as long as they are plants only, may safely, and even with advantage, be admitted to the elysium from which they have so often been exiled. These pretty ornaments, as a learned writer now declares, "far from being hurtful, are beneficial, inasmuch as they exhale a certain amount of ozone and vapor, which maintain a healthy dampness in the air, and besides that are destructive of the microbes which promote consumptive tendencies in human beings. It is only flowers, and not the plants which bear them, that do the damage. Ferns are innocuous; roses and sunflowers are pernicious, at least during the interesting period while they are in bloom."

THE LATE PROFESSOR SILLIMAN.

The name of Benjamin Silliman, father and son, has been associated with Yale College and American science for eighty years; and the son, who died on the 14th instant of heart-disease, after an illness of three months, did more than any other man to lay the foundations of the Sheffield Scientific School. He had excellent business instincts, and several times in his life may be said to have made a fortune.

Professor Silliman began his connection with Yale College in 1833, when he was entered as a student. Soon after graduation he became an instructor in chemistry, a department in which his father filled the chair. He joined the editorial staff of the *American Journal of Science and Art*, and throughout life was a ready writer for the press. It troubled him little to express his views to an interviewer, to contribute a letter to a newspaper, or to prepare an article for a review. He liked the atmosphere of a newspaper office, and was never happier than when with a "proof" in his hand. He was for years the Yale Professor of Chemistry. He interested himself in the welfare of New Haven, was a member of the Common Council, and the builder of a fine house, in which he lived until recently. He had travelled in every quarter of Europe, and was recognized by scholars in his own branch throughout the civilized world. He was simple and easy in personal intercourse, full of interesting facts and ideas, hopeful in the midst of difficulties, resolute, and generous.

NOBODY REALLY CARES.

If you've anything to grieve you,
And fill your heart with fears,
If Poverty bides near you,
And your days are dimmed by tears,
If you find with soul despairing
No answer to your prayers,
Don't say a word about it, for
Nobody really cares.

If health and strength forsake you,
And pain and sickness bring
A gloom that clouds the sunshine
And shadows everything,
If you feel that lot so weary
But seldom mortal bears,
Don't say a word about it, for
Nobody really cares.

This world is fond of pleasure,
And, take it at its best,
'Tis sadly bored unless you
Meet it with smile and jest;
It yawns o'er Want's complainings,
At Sorrow coldly stares,
So never tell your troubles, for
Nobody really cares.

MARGARET EYTINGE.

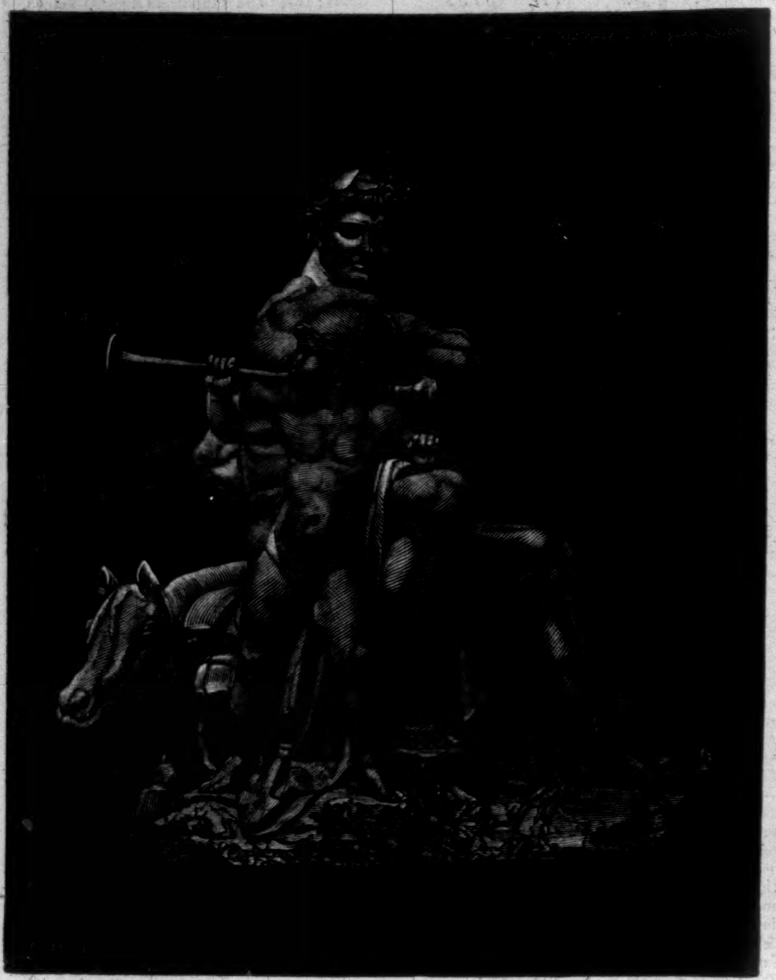
TARDY JUSTICE TO A GREAT GENIUS.

Barye was born at the end of one century to obtain recognition toward the close of another. No one in the field of modern art comprised within himself more completely than he the conditions of true genius: not Millet, not Rousseau, not any painter of our century, and in no degree whatever any sculptor. And yet for fifty years of a laborious, patient, and productive life he lived and toiled in the great nursery of modern art industry, unthought of and unknown. We hear now of a great, kindly, self-contained man, calm of aspect, introspective in demeanor, in the narrowest circumstances, carrying from one end of Paris to the other little bronze lions, hares, bears, tigers, and eagles, and selling them from his basket as paper-weights. How precious are not these little creations now in the light of the massive genius which sheds its glory upon the sculpture of the nineteenth century!

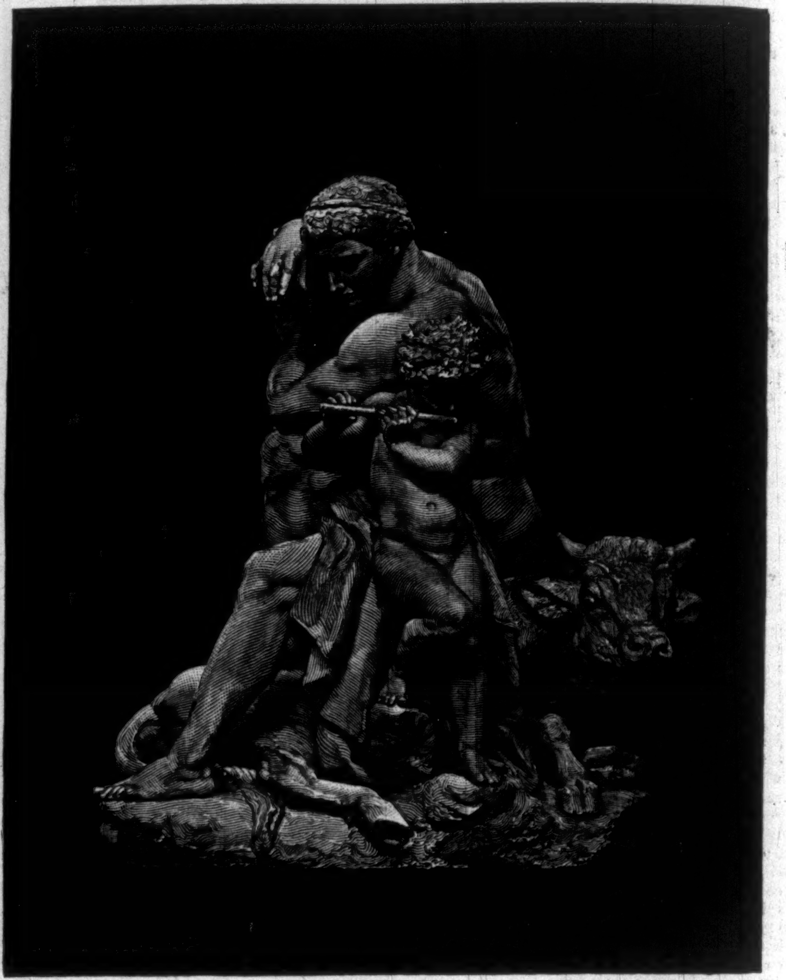
The art of Barye more nearly approaches the majesty and serenity of the great period of Egyptian sculpture than that of any other master who has concerned himself with the artistic expression of the nature of animals. Had we not his "Theseus and the Centaur," his "Centaur and the Lapitha," his two figures of the "Seine," his groups from the Louvre pavilions, his "Charles VI.," and other subjects to show us how nearly he followed in the footsteps of the Greek sculptors of the human figure, we might fancy that in his treatment of animal forms he was purely a specialist. We now know that his art was comprehensive and all-embracing, and that its diversion into one channel more than into another was a matter of chance and disposition combined.

He devoted his life more to the acquirement of knowledge than to the exploitation of it. He felt that he never could know enough of his animals, never sufficiently penetrate their natures, never adequately apprehend, in the fullness of his reason, their qualities, their place, their significance in the scale of life. Out of the deep and subtle insight thus gained, out of this profound and inspired exploration of the possibilities of his theme, what do we find that Barye achieved?

Suppose one were to take a lion and by some superfine piece of mechanical dexterity transform him into bronze, losing no hair of him, no detail of his hide or texture—a thing more feasible to do than is commonly thought? What should we have? A lion, no doubt, a most correct beast, infinite in hairiness, in imitative truth, and in fidelity to the facts of commonplace. There it would be: the smallest and poorest achievement in an artistic sense of which mortal man is capable, the



"WAR."

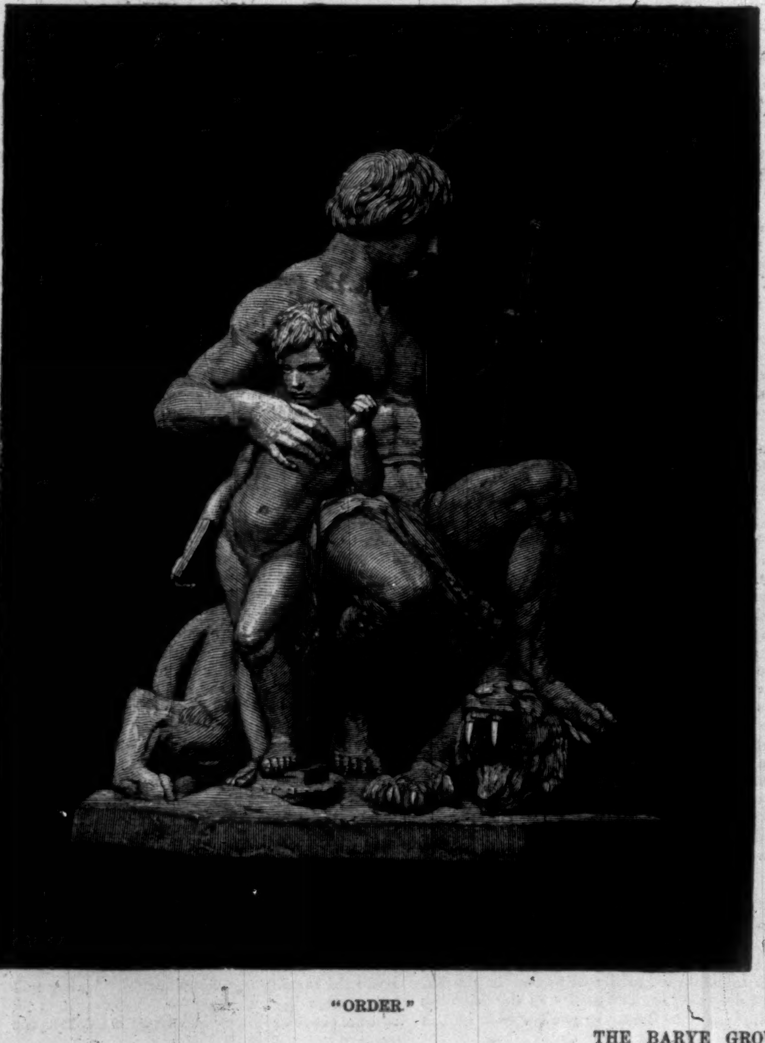


"PEACE."

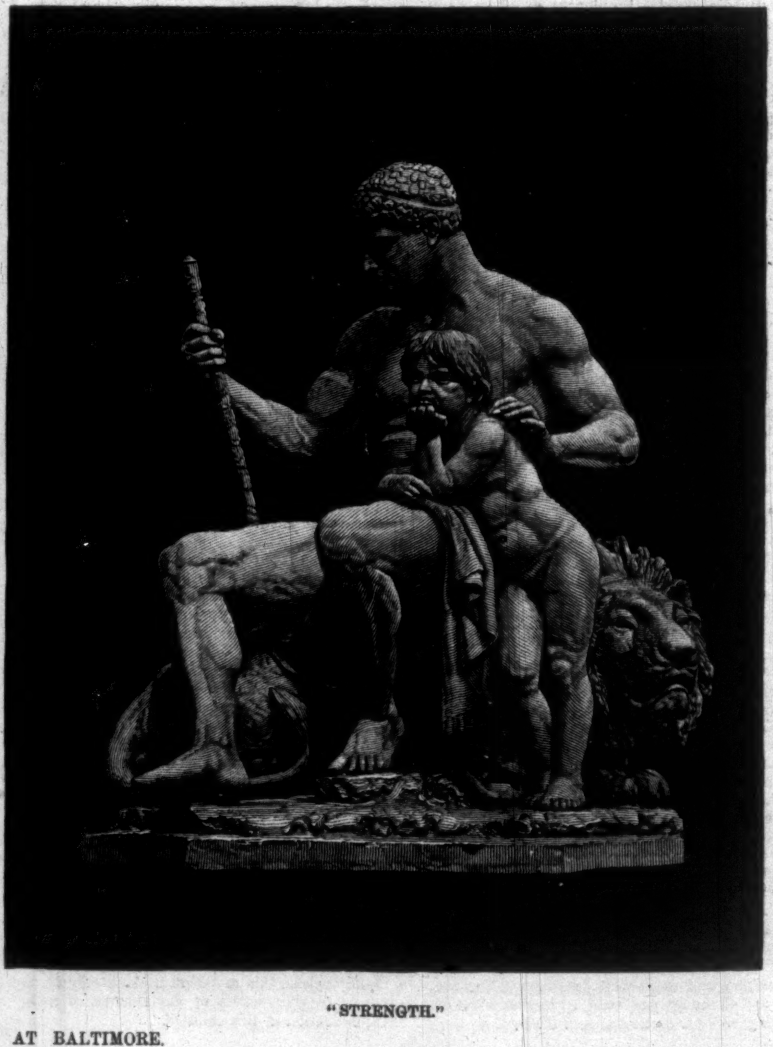
equivalent of a landscape, a bit of the face of nature itself, seen through a frame, and held to be a perfect picture. But when **Barye** makes us a lion, what appeal does his creative truth make to us? How does his genius translate the beast and make us to see it, not merely as a lion, but as a lion that he sees and as he sees it? This is the inscrutable prerogative of genius. His lion is the monarchical beast, the creature of a splendid tyranny, majestic in potentiality and in supple calm of unbounded strength—the lion of tradition and heredity, and impregnable in the sovereignty which primal man assigned him. That is the sort of lion that **Barye** drew, and he was always such a lion whether he sprang upon an antelope, raised his great paw to crush a snake, or sat in solemn and reposeful majesty to guard the gate of the Tuileries.

From the models of the four groups of "Peace," "War," "Order," and "Strength," which adorn the pavilions of the Louvre, Mr. **William T. Walters**, of Baltimore, has had made by **Barbédienne** fine copies in bronze, of which engravings are given on this page. To these he has added a superb bronze of the seated lion of the Tuileries, and the five pieces are to find a permanent resting-place upon granite pedestals in Mount Vernon Square in that city. The group will be the finest in this country, and the most impressive monument to the memory of **Barye** which exists outside the catalogue of his works. It is a very singular reflection that is suggested by the fact that of the works of so great an artist the best two collections should have been made in America, and that the only formal memorial of his genius should have been made by an American. The Barye Gallery in the **Walters** collections, the **Corcoran** series at Washington, and the out-door group in Baltimore furnish the completest and best access to knowledge of **Barye** that is to be had in our day.

W. M. L.

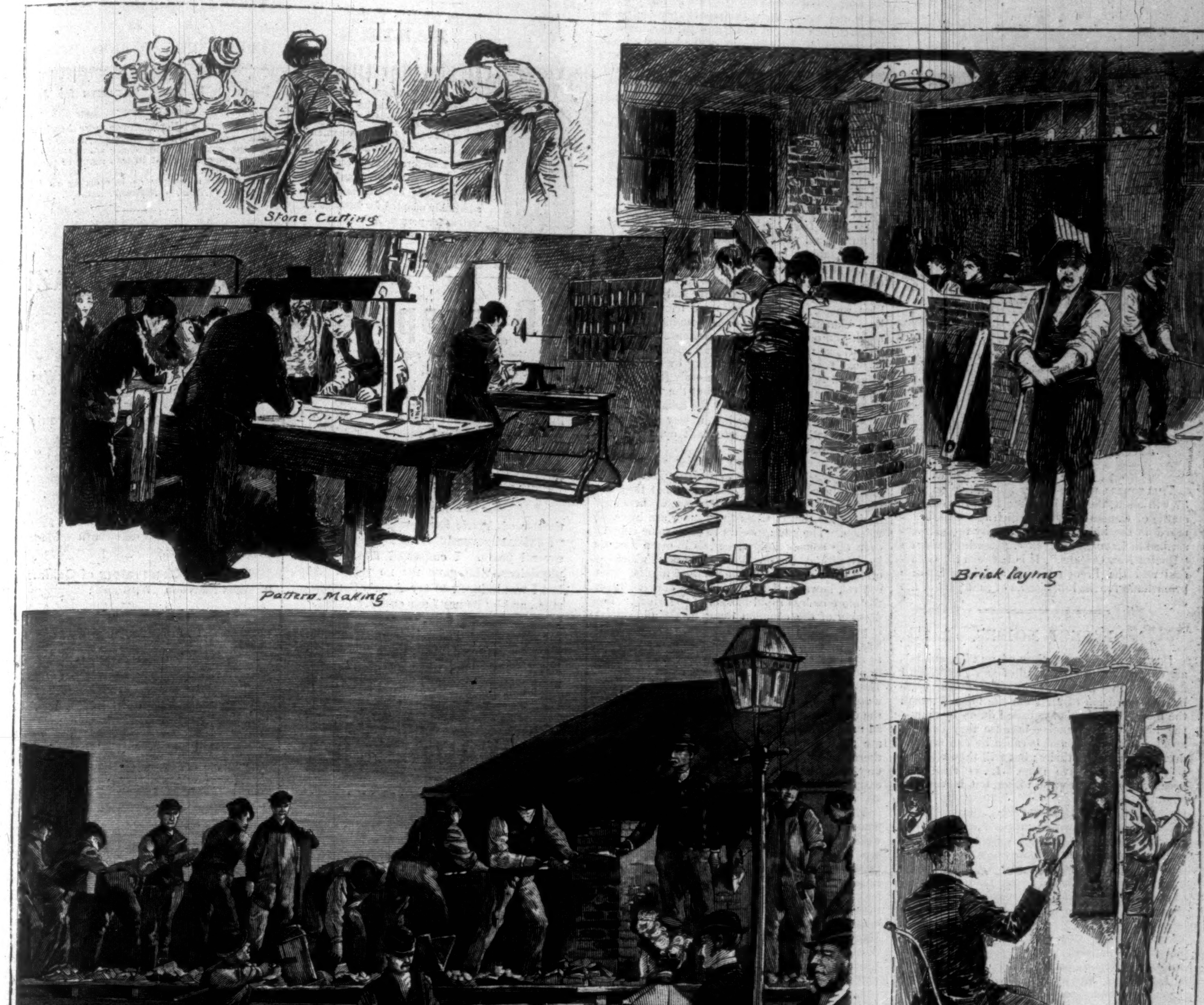


"ORDER."



"STRENGTH."

THE BARYE GROUPS AT BALTIMORE.


Stone Cutting
Pattern Making
Brick laying
Workshop in course of Construction by The Bricklaying Class
Fresco Painting
Plastering
Wood Carving
Plumbing
C. J. Taylor

TRADE SCHOOLS IN NEW YORK.—Drawn by C. J. Taylor.—[See Page 59.]

"THERE WERE SIX ROSES ON A TREE."

THERE were six roses on a tree;
Each rose had its own destiny:
One to the Bridal went,
Another, wet with many a tear,
Exhaled upon the lifeless bier
Its beauty and its scent.

One went unto the Queen of Song,
One faded in the ball-room's throng,
And one on Beauty's breast;
The last sweet bud, with holy prayer,
Was laid upon the altar stair—
O Rose so pure, so blest!

Flowers symbol life, as all things do,
Some plain, and some of splendid hue,
Some full of virtue sweet,
Some hiding poison in their heart,
Some of a royal life a part,
Some flung upon the street.

No chance or change of human fate
But on the sinless roses wait;
And yet, whate'er their lot,
With equal loveliness they spring
Within the garden of a king
Or by a peasant's cot.

JACKSON SQUARE, NEW ORLEANS.

THIS square, which, as our illustration on page 57 will show, derives its name from the colossal statue of General JACKSON which adorns it, is situated in the older part of the city recently described in LAFCADIO HEARN's interesting paper on "Quaint New Orleans." It is between the Cathedral and the French Market, and is a favorite promenade for the inhabitants of that part of the city.

INSECT NOISES.

DOWN to the lowest class of reptiles, animals are endowed with some kind of voice, by which I mean that they have the power of producing noise by the expulsion of air from the lungs through the mouth. Animals are called dumb by man—the highest of animals—because they can not speak his language, and because he can not understand or speak theirs; but still they all have voices. Insects have none. Lions roar, man speaks, the lowest reptile hisses, but insects are perforce silent. Yet insects manage to make their share of noise in the world, and if those noises, though not voices, properly so called, answer the purpose for which they are by Providence intended, what matters it how they are produced? Indeed, we may safely say that some insects make considerably more than their share of noise in the world; for if man's voice were increased in power in ratio to his size, compared with some insects, he could be heard thousands of miles away. One great peculiarity of insect noises is that they are only produced by the males, the females being, indeed, silent.

Let us first take under notice an insect which has always had a noisier reputation in the world than any other, the tettie, or cicada of the old classic writers—an insect whose name has been so frequently wrongly translated into "grass-hopper," whereas, in fact, it is a tree-hopper. All the Greek poets, from Homer downward, held up the cicada as the incarnation of music, lavishing upon it the most extravagant praise, as being almost supernatural, living upon nothing but dew, and singing all day long in sweeter strains than thrush or blackbird. The highest praise which could be bestowed upon a singer of that day was to compare him to this insect, and it was held in such veneration as a musician as to be kept in cages, and to have its golden image worn as an inspiring ornament in the hair.

Modern writers have differed vastly from the ancients in their opinion of the musical powers of these insects. It may be that as the modern Greeks do not produce immortal poetry as did their forefathers, so the modern cicadæ have lost their tunefulness. Be that as it may, it is certain that their music is in no way appreciated at the present day, it being generally voted a dull, monotonous, shrill chirping. To produce this celebrated noise, which is the loudest produced by any insect, and, in proportion to its size, by any creature, the male cicada is furnished with a most complex apparatus, which has been compared in its mechanism to our organ for receiving sounds, the ear. Underneath the body, between the abdomen and the hind-legs, there are fixed two irregularly shaped plates, which, when raised, disclose the arrangement of drums by which the sound is produced. The actual sound-producing drum itself is a membrane, very tensely extended, which is acted upon by two bunches of muscles. There are other membranes within the sound cavity, one of them beautifully iridescent, whose vocation it is to modulate the sounds produced.

It is said that with this singular and intricately formed apparatus, the cicada can bring forth a sound capable of being heard at a distance of full half a mile. What, in ratio to their respective sizes, is the mighty roar of the lion or the voice of man to this, the note of a little tree-hopping insect? Was it this thought which inspired the admiration of the ancient Greeks, who were deep philosophers? Grasshoppers and locusts are furnished with somewhat similar drums, but theirs are merely auxiliaries to augment the noise produced by the rubbing of the thigh of the hind-leg against the edge of the wing-case. This rubbing is done with each leg alternately, producing regular intervals in the sound. Their drum cavities answer the same purpose as the inside of a violin or guitar, namely, to re-echo and intensify the sound, and indeed the aperture through which the sound enters these cavities is very similar in shape to that seen in those musical instruments. The noises of the members of the merry cricket family, both those of the field and hearth, are produced by the rubbing quickly together of the elytra or wing-covers, which are lined with nervures or rough strings, communicating their sound to membranes placed between them.

These sounds may be taken to be the voice of love, the voice of the plaintive lover calling for his silent mate, whose soul it gladdens, doubtless, even more than it did that of the ancient Greeks or the modern folk who love to hear the happy grasshopper banishing the solitude of the meadows, or the merry cricket enlivening the hearth.

Different from the above-mentioned voluntary or intentional noises of insects are those which may be said to be almost, if not quite, involuntary, and merely associated with some usual motion of the maker. First among this class we will take the common humming and buzzing of bees, wasps, and flies. Bees are usually said to hum contentedly, as if their humming was the result and outward sign of a contented spirit and industrious nature. Wasps and hornets are said to buzz fiercely, as if threatening by this sound. Flies are thought to buzz generally for the sake of teasing and aggravating; but the fact is that the humming of the bee and the buzzing of hornets, wasps, and flies are involuntary sounds necessarily following and attendant upon the motions of these insects.

There have been many theories advanced to account for the manner in which these sounds are produced; the true one being that they are produced by the friction of the base of the wings against the thorax when the former are in rapid motion. The gnat appears to have some control over the sounds it produces, as it often flies silently without the blood-thirsty buzzing which so often banishes sleep in the summer nights. This control, however, I think depends entirely upon the more or less rapid motion of the wings. The droning of the common dung beetle and others is produced in the same manner, though doubtless their elytra or wing-covers in some way add to the intensity of the sound which is so familiar to our ears in the country when night is falling. The low humming heard in the nests of bees and wasps is no exception to the general rule, for if the occupants are closely watched while employed in their labors, it will be seen that their wings are in constant tremulous vibration. Again, there are other insect sounds which are voluntary, and are either for the purpose of communicating with each other or to express feelings, such as anger or fear.

The little timber-boring beetles, which the superstitious have christened the "death-watch," whose scientific name is *Anobium jesselatum*, rap out their calls to one another upon the wood-work of old houses in the dead of night, causing infinite terror to timid maidens. They make this rapping by raising themselves upon their hind-legs, and with bent body striking the wood vigorously with their head and mandibles. Many beetles, including the common burying beetle, dung-chafer, and others, when alarmed, produce a queer, creaking sound by rubbing the extremity of the abdomen against the elytra—a sound which may be reproduced exactly by the human experiment, or by the same means without the consent of the beetle, or after its death. The capricorn tribe make a somewhat similar sound by friction of the thorax against the neck and elytra. Another terror to the superstitious, the death's-head hawk-moth, when caught utters a plaintive cry, which adds to the dread occasioned by the death's-head and cross-bones pictured in white upon the thorax. There have been many and various theories as to the method of production of this cry, and I am not aware that the point has been really satisfactorily settled. Insects, then, if without voices properly so called, are not all of them silent, and indeed, taking into consideration the high esteem in which the cicada was held for its quaint music, the superstitious terror raised by the death-watch, and the amount which has been written about the busy humming of the bee and merry chirp of the cricket, we may well say that some insects have made a good deal of noise in the field.

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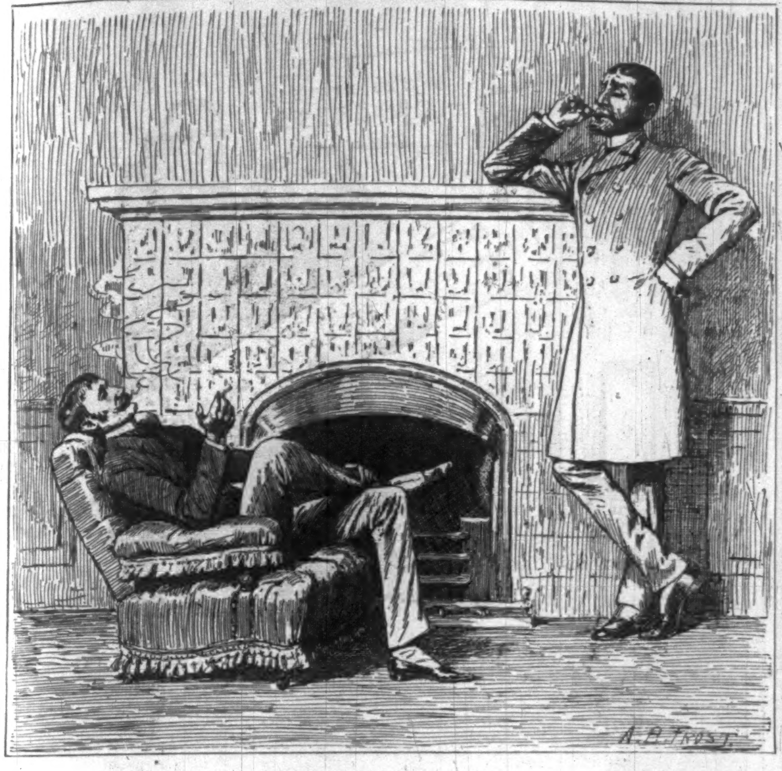

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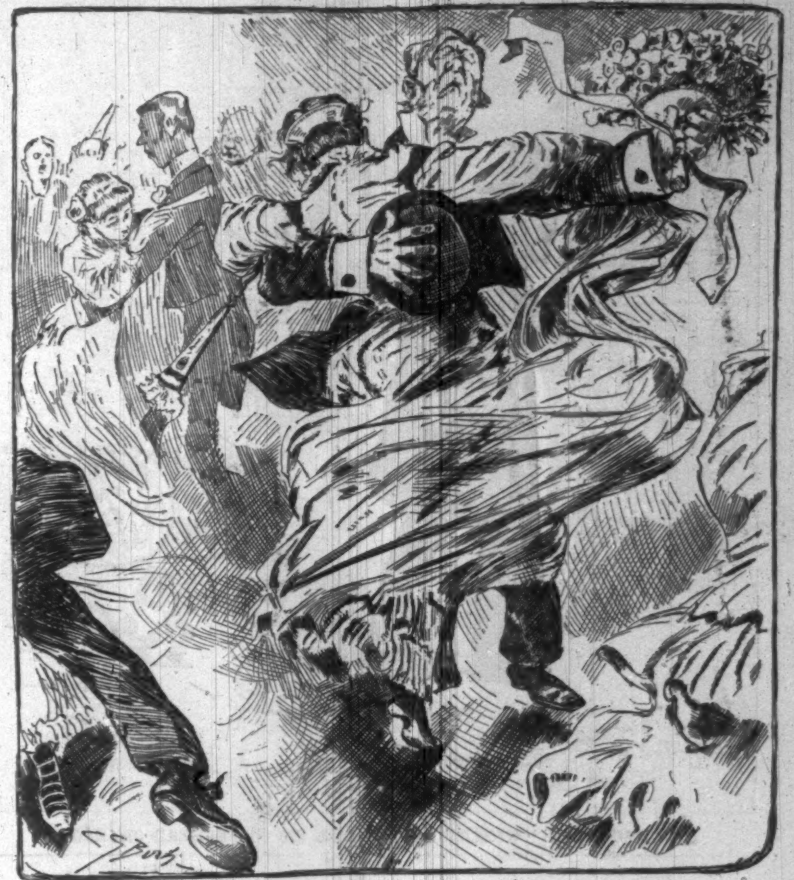

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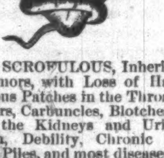

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